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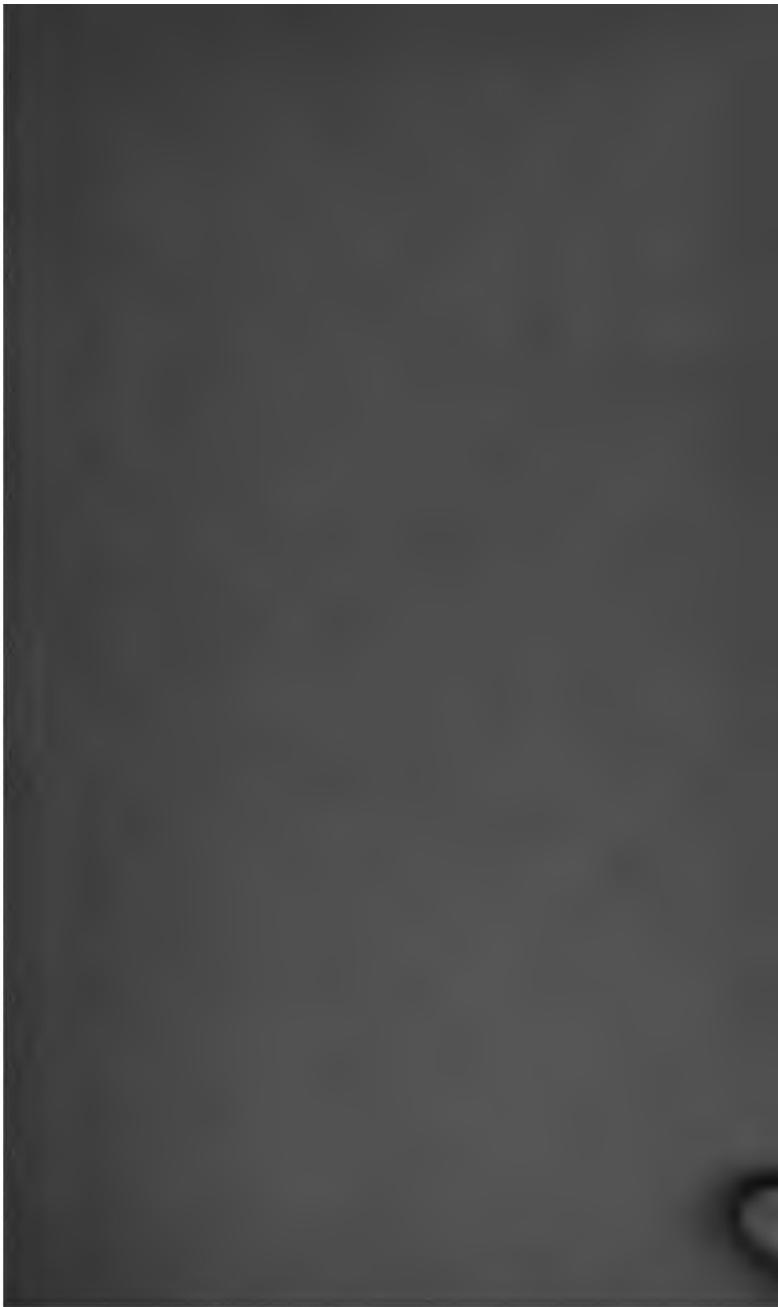
SHAKESPEARE COLLECTION

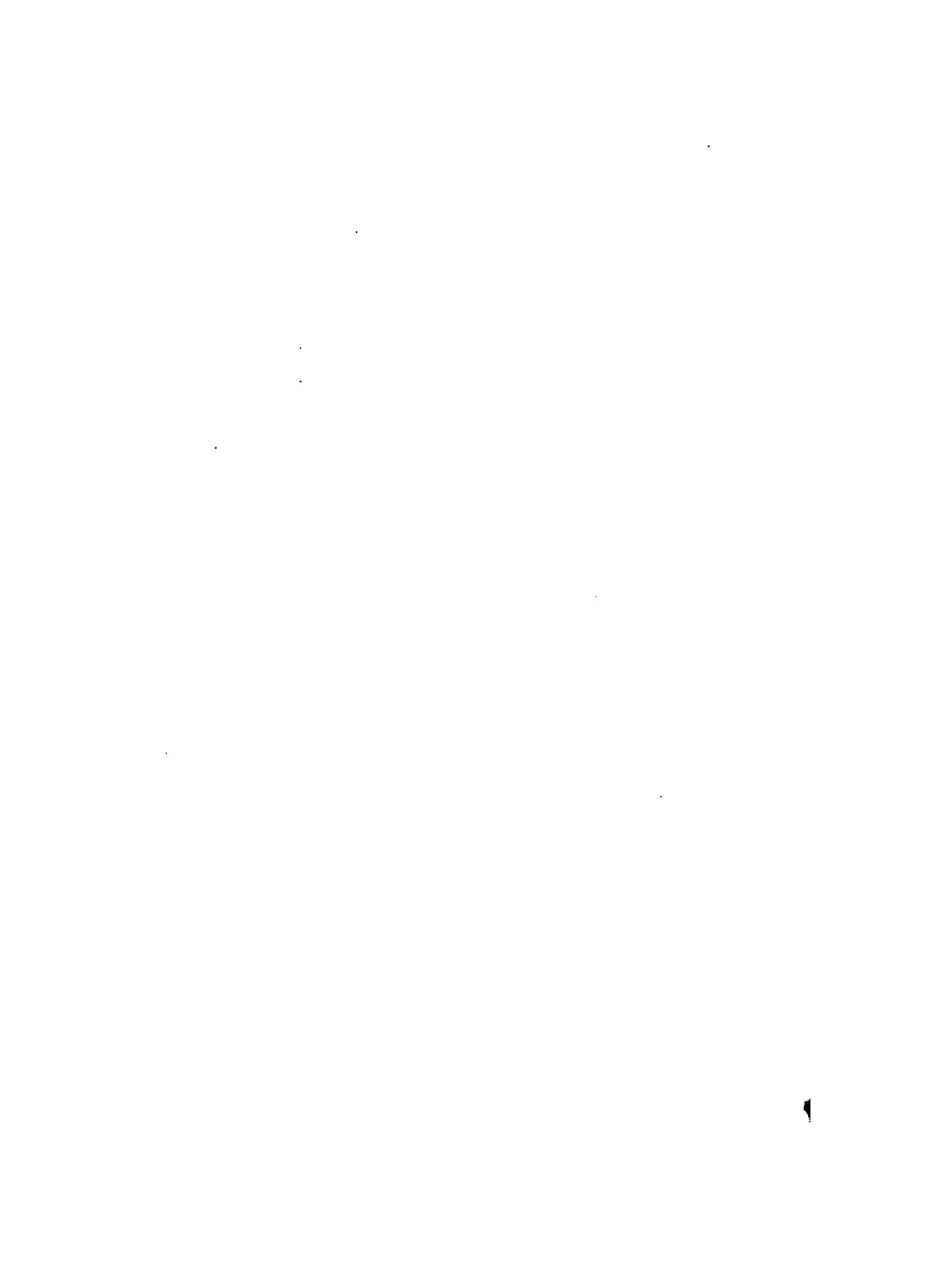
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SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION.

OTHER WORKS ON PHONETICS
BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

A SHAKESPEARE PHONOLOGY, with a Rime-Index to the Poems as a Pronouncing Vocabulary. (Companion volume to A SHAKESPEARE READER.) Marburg: *Elwert*. XVI, 290 pp. Paper covers, 5 m. 40; cloth, 6 m.

DEUTSCHE LAUTTAFEL (70×87 cm). Unmounted, 1 m. 50; on linen, with rollers, 2 m. 50. ENGLISCHE LAUTTAFEL (100×130 cm). FRANZÖSISCHE LAUTTAFEL (100×130 cm). Unmounted, 2 m. each; on linen, with rollers, 4 m. each. Sound-charts, German, English and French. Printed in three colours. Each with German, English and French text. (Marburg: *Elwert*; London: *Hachette & Co.*)

WIE IST DIE AUSSPRACHE DES DEUTSCHEN ZU LEHREN? Marburg: *Elwert*. 4th ed. 1906. 33 pp. Paper covers, 60 pf.

ELEMENTE DER PHONETIK DES DEUTSCHEN, ENGLISCHEN UND FRANZÖSISCHEN. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 5th ed. 1905. XIII, 386 pp. Paper covers, 7 m. 20; cloth, 8 m.

KLEINE PHONETIK DES DEUTSCHEN, ENGLISCHEN UND FRANZÖSISCHEN. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 4th ed. 1905. XVI, 132 pp. Paper covers, 2 m. 40; cloth, 2 m. 80.

(English edition: ELEMENTS OF PHONETICS, ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN. Translated and adapted by Walter Rippmann from Prof. Viëtor's "Kleine Phonetik." London: *Dent & Co.* 1899. 4th thousand. X, 137 pp. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.)

DIE AUSSPRACHE DES SCHRIFTDEUTSCHEN. Mit phonetischen Texten. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 6th ed. 1905. VIII, 119 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; boards, 1 m. 80.

GERMAN PRONUNCIATION: Practice and Theory. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 3rd ed. 1903. VIII, 137 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; cloth, 2 m.

DE UITSpraak VAN HET HOOGDUTSCH. Voor Nederlanders bewerkt door W. Viëtor en T. G. G. Valette. Haarlem: *de Erven F. Bohn*. 2nd revised ed. 1902. IV, 48 pp. Paper covers, 50 cts.

DEUTSCHES LESEBUCH IN LAUTSCHRIFT. Leipzig: *Teubner*. Part I. 2nd ed. 1904. XII, 158 pp. Part II. 1902. VI, 139 pp. Cloth, 3 m. each.

Wilhelm Viëtor
SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION

William Shakespeare.
A

SHAKESPEARE READER

*IN THE OLD SPELLING
AND WITH A PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION*

BY

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HON. MEM. OF THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, &c.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I
pronounced it to you..."

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Life - of
W. W. Naumburg

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PREFACE.

IN order to illustrate what I believe to be the pronunciation of Shakespeare, I have selected a variety of extracts for *viva voce* reading from Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece, and the Sonnets, and from all the plays in the first Folio, with the exception of The Comedy of Errors, Henry VI., Troilus and Cressida, and Titus Andronicus. I venture to hope that the familiar passages here presented in a phonetic form will thus gain a new antiquarian interest, without losing anything of their old power and charm. In spite of the deplorable state of the text and other difficulties I have not resisted the temptation to include in this unpretending "Shakespeare revival" part of the amusing French scene in Henry V.

My sincerest thanks are due to Lektor H. Smith, M. A., of Marburg, and to Dr. A. Buchenau, of Darmstadt, for the trouble they have taken in helping to secure the typographical correctness of the texts. Most of the sheets have also been kindly revised by Herr stud. phil. W. Schwank and Herr stud. phil. F. Tischner.

MARBURG, July 1906.

W. V.

ABBREVIATIONS.

F = (first) Folio.
om. = omitted.

Q = (first) Quarto.
Q₂ = second Quarto.

Other contractions do not require any explanation.

KEY TO PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION.
(Reprinted from A Shakespeare Phonology, §§ 4, 6 and 7.)

* * The phonetic notation is that of the Association
Phonétique Internationale.

VOWELS.

<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Mixed.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>High.</i> i:, i, ij, iu		u:, u, uw
<i>Mid.</i> e:, e, eu	ə	o:, o, oi, ou
<i>Low.</i> æ:, æ, æi	ʌ	a:

Shakespearian Sounds. *Modern Sounds.*

- [i:] in *be* = Northern E. *e* in *be*; no after-glide.
- [i] → *lip* = *i* in *lip*.
- [ij] → *by* = exaggerated London E. (and usual Cockney) *e* in *be*.
- [iu] → *due* = *u* in *due*; the first element stressed.
- [e:] → *sea* = Northern E. *ea* in *bearing*.
- [e] → *let* = *e* in *let*.
- [eu] → *few* = *e* in *let* followed by *oo* in *too*; the first element stressed.
- [æ:] → *name* = *a* in *can*, long.
- [æ] → *can* = *a* in *can*; the less palatal Northern E. variety.

- [æɪ] > *day* = *a* in *can* followed by *e* in *be*; opener than *ay* in *day*.
- [a:] > *saw* = Northern E. and Cockney *a* in *father*.
- [o:] > *go* = less open than *aw* in *saw*; like the first element of *ow* in *own*.
- [o] > *on* = less open than *o* in *on*.
- [oi] > *joy* = *oy* in *joy*; the first element, however, less open.
- [ou] > *own* = *ow* in *own* (cf. [o:]).
- [u:] in *too* = Northern E. *oo* in *too*; no after-glide.
- [u] > *up* = *u* in *put*.
- [uw] > *how* = exaggerated London E. *oo* in *too*.

All the vowels, when unstressed, are more or less obscured, verging on [ə] (which is now used for *a* in *about*, *o* in *bishop*, &c.).

CONSONANTS.

	<i>Labial.</i>	<i>Dental.</i>	<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>Stops.</i>	b-p	d-t		g-k
<i>Nasals.</i>	m	n		ŋ
<i>Liquids.</i>		l, r		
<i>Continuants.</i>	w, v-f	dθ, z-s, ʒʃ	jç	x

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SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION.

* *

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A SHAKESPEARE READER.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE following texts are printed from the first Quarto of each of the poems, and from the first Folio of the plays respectively. Mistakes have been corrected in the text, the original readings, except in the case of irrelevant irregularities in punctuation and the like, being given in a note.

In accordance with the companion volume, A Shakespeare Phonology, the phonetic transcription is intentionally general and simple. As word and sentence stress are wholly or mostly the same as in present English, and as occasional deviations in word stress are sufficiently indicated by the metre, they have not been marked. Similarly, weak vowels have not been distinguished from the corresponding strong vowels; thus [æ] is used for [ɛ̄] as well as for [æ], *ago* e. g. appearing as [ægo:], i. e. [æ'go:], and almost [ə'go:]. Phonetic doublets have been only sparingly added. Fluctuations in quantity are pointed out by inserting (:) into the text. Where the (:) is restricted to riming words, as in the case of *love* = [lu(:)v], the meaning is that Shakespeare possibly deviated from his regular form in order to improve the rime.

FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

LOUE comforteth like sun-shine after raine,
But lusts effect is tempeft after funne,
Loues gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine,
Lusts winter comes, ere sommer halfe be donne:
Loue surfets not, lust like a glutton dies:
Loue is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

* * *

LO here the gentle larke wearie of rest,
From his moylt cabinet mounts vp on hie,
And wakes the morning, from whose siluer breft,
The funne ariseth in his maiestie,
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That Ceder tops and hills, feeme burnisht gold.
Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow,
Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light,
From whom ech lamp, and shining star doth borrow,
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a sonne that suckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doest lend to other.

This sayd, she hasteth to a mirtle groue,
Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,
And yet she heares no tidings of her loue;
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,
Anon she heares them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haft she coasteth to the cry.

FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

Iuv kumforteθ lijk sunſijn æfter ræin,
but lusts efekt iz tempest æfter sun; 800
luvz džent,l sprij duθ a:lwæiz freſ remæin,
lusts winter kumz e:r sumer haf bi dun;
 luv surfets not, lust lijk æ gluton dijz;
 luv iz a:l triuθ, lust ful ov fordzed lijz.

* * *

jo:, he:r de džent,l lærk, we:ri ov rest,
from his moist kaebinet muwnts up on hij,
ænd wæ:ks de mornij, from hwu:z silver brest 855
de sun ærijeθ in hiz mædzestij;
 hwu: duθ de world so glo:riusli bihould,
 dæt se:der-tops ænd hilz si:m burniſt gould.
ve:nus sæliuts him wið dis fær gud-moro:,:
“o: duw kle:r god, ænd pætron ov a:l lijt, 860
from hwu:m e:tʃ læmp ænd sijnij stær duθ boro:
de beutius influens dæt mæ:ks him brijt,
 der livz æ sun dæt sukt æn e(:)røli muðer,
 mæi lend di: lijt, æz duw dust lend tu uðer.”
dis sæid, si hæ(:)steθ tu æ mirt,l gro:v,
miuzij de mornij iz so mutſ o:rworn,
ænd jit si he:rz no tjdijz ov her lu(:):v:
si hæk,nz for hiz huwendz ænd for hiz horn:
 ænon si he:rz dem tjænt it lustilij,
 ænd a:l in hæ(:)st si ko:steθ tu de krij. 870

And as she runnes, the bushes in the way,
 Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,
 Some twine¹ about her thigh to make her stay,
 She wildly breaketh from their strict imbrace,

875 Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
 Hafting to feed her fawne, hid in some brake.

* *

SHE lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
 1125 She whispers in his eares a heauie tale,
 As if they heard the wofull words she told:
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where lo, two lamps burnt out in darknesse lies.

Two glasses where her selfe, her selfe beheld
 1130 A thousand times, and now no more reflect,
 Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,
 And euerie beautie robd of his effect;
 Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,
 That thou being dead, the day shuld yet be light.

1135 Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
 Sorrow on loue hereafter shall attend:
 It shall be wayted on with iealousie,
 Find sweet beginning, but vnsauorie end,
 Nere setled equally, but high or lo,
 1140 That all loues pleasure shall not match his wo.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
 Bud, and be blafted, in a breathing while,
 The bottome poylon, and the top ore-strawd
 With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile,
 1145 The strongest bodie shall it make most weake,
 Strike the wife dumbe, and teach the foole to speake.

¹ twin'd.

ænd æz si runz, de busez in de wæi
 sum kæts her bij de nek, sum kis her fæ:s,
 sum twijn æbuwt her Өij tu mæ:k her stæi:
 si wijldli bre:keθ from dæir strikt imbræ:s,
 lijk æ milts do:, hwu:z swelij dugz du æ:k, 875
 hæ(:)stij tu fid her fa:n hid in sum bræk.

* * *

si lu:ks upon hiz lips, ænd dæi ær pæ:l;
 si tæ:ks him bij de hænd, ænd dæt iz kould;
 si hwisperz in hiz e:rz æ he(:)vi tæ:l, 1125
 æz if dæi hærd de wo:ful wordz si tould;
 si lifts de kofer-lidz dæt klo:z hiz ijj,
 hwe:r, lo:, tu: læmps, burnt uwt, in dærknes lijz;
 tu: glæsez, hwe:r herself herself biheld
 æ Өuwzænd tijmz, ænd nuw no mor reflekt; 1180
 dæir vertiu lost, hwe:rin dæi læ:t ekseld,
 ænd ev(e)ri beuti robd ov hiz efekt:
 "wunder ov tijm," kwoθ si:, "dis iz mij spijt,
 dæt, duw bi:ÿg ded, de dæi su:ld jit bi lijt.
 "sins duw ært ded, lo:, he:r ij profesij: 1185
 soro: on luv he:ræfter sæl ætend:
 it sæl bi wæited on wið dzelusij,
 fijnd swi:t biginij, but unsæ:v(o)ri end,
 ne:r setled e:kwæli, but hij or lo:,
 dæt a:l luvz ple(:)ziur sæl not mæts hiz wo:. 1140
 "it sæl bi fik,l, fa:ls, ænd ful ov fra:d,
 bud ænd bi blæsted in æ bre:diŋ-hwijl;
 de botom poiz,n, ænd de top o:rstra:d
 wið swi:ts dæt sæl de triuest sijt bigijl:
 de strongest bodi sæl it mæ:k moyst we:k, 1145
 strijk de wijz dum ænd te:ts de fu:l tu spe:k.

It shall be sparing, and too full of ryot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,
 The staring ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,
 Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treasures,
 It shall be raging mad, and fillie milde,
 Make the yoong old, the old become a childe.

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,
 It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,
 It shall be mercifull, and too leueare,
 And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust,
 Peruerse it shall be, where it shewes most toward,
 Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be caufe of warre, and dire euent,
 And set dissention twixt the sonne, and fire,
 Subiect, and seruill to all discontents:
 As drie combustious matter is to fire,
 Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,
 They that loue best, their loues shall not enioy.

By this the boy that by her side laie kild,
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
 And in his blood that on the ground laie spiled,
 A purple floure sproong vp, checkred with white,
 Refembling well his pale cheeke, and the blood,
 Which in round drops, vpon their whitenesse stood.

She bowes her head, the new-sprong floure to smel,
 Comparing it to her Adonis breath,
 And faies within her bosome it shall dwell,
 Since he himselfe is reft from her by death;
 She crop's the stalke, and in the breach appeares,
 Green-dropping sap, which she compares to teares.

"it sæl bi spæ:rij ænd tu: ful ov rijot,
te:tsij dekrepit æ:dz tu tre(:)d de me(:)ziurz;
de stæ:rij rufiæn sæl it ki:p in kwijet;
pluk duwn de ritj, inritj de pu:r wid tre(:)ziurz; 1150
it sæl bi ræ:dzij-mæd ænd sili-mijld,
mæ:k de ju:j ould, de ould bikum æ tsijld.

"it sæl suspekt hwe:r iz no ka:z ov fe:r;
it sæl not fer:r hwe:r it fu:ld mo:st mistrust;
it sæl bi mersiful ænd tu: seve:r, 1155
ænd mo:st dese:vij hwen it si:mz mo:st dzust;
pervers it sæl bi hwe:r it souz mo:st towærd,
put ferr tu væler, kurædz tu de kuwærd.

"it sæl bi ka:z ov vær ænd dijr events,
ænd set disension twikst de sun ænd sijr; 1160
subdækt ænd servil tu a:l diskontents,
æz drij kombustijs mæter iz tu fijr:
siθ in his prijm de(:)θ duθ mij luv destroi,
ðæi ðæt luv best ðærir luvz sæl not indzoi."

bij dis, de boi ðæt bij her sijd læi kild 1165
wæz melted lijk æ væ:por from her sijt,
ænd in his blud ðæt on de gruwnd læi spild,
æ purp,l fluwr spruj up, tsekred wid hwijt,
rezemblij wel his pæ:l tsj:ks ænd de blud
hwits in ruwnd drops upon ðærir hwijtnes stud. 1170.

si buwz her hed, de niu-spruj fluwr tu smel,
kompæ:rij it tu her ædo:nis bre(:)θ,
ænd sæiz, wiðin her bu:zom it sæl dwel,
sins hi: himself iz reft from her bij de(:)θ:
si krops de sta:k, ænd in de bre:ts æpe:rz 1175
gri:n dropij sæp, hwits si kompæ:rz tu te:rz.

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise,
 Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling fire,
 For euerie little grieve to wet his eies,
 1180 To grow vnto himselfe was his desire;
 And so tis thine, but know it is as good,
 To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my brest,
 Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.
 1185 Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing hart shall rock thee day and night;
 There shall not be one minute in an houre,
 Wherein I wil not kisse my sweet loues floure.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 1190 And yokes her siluer doues, by whose swift aide,
 Their mistresse mounted through the emptie skies,
 In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen,
 Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seen.

FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THOSE that much couet are with gaine so fond,
 120 That what they haue not, that which they possesse
 They scatter and vnloole it from their bond,
 And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,
 Or gaining more, the profite of excesse
 Is but to surfe, and such griefes sustaine,
 1240 That they proue banckrout in this poore rich gain.

"pu:r fluwr," kwoθ ſi; "diſ wæz dij fæderz gjiz—
 swi:t iſiu ov æ mo:r swi:t-smeliŋ ſijr—
 for ev(e)ri lit,l gri:f tu wet hiz iſz:
 tu gro: unto himſelf wæz hiz deſiſr,
 ænd ſo: tiz dijn; but kno:, it iz æs gud
 tu wiðer in mij brest æz in hiz blud. 1180

"he:r wæz dij fæderz bed, herr in mij brest;
 duw ært de nekſt ov blud, ænd tiz dij rijt:
 lo:, in diſ holo: kræ:d,l tæk dij reſt,
 mij Өrobiŋ hært ſæl rok di dæi ænd niſt:
 der ſæl not bi o:n miniut in æn uwr
 hwe:rin ij wil not kis mij swi:t luſz fluwr." 1185

dus we:ri ov de world, æwæi ſi hijz,
 ænd jō:ks her silver duvz; bij hwu:z swift æid 1190
 dæir miſtres muwnted Өru: de empti ſkiſz
 in her lijt tſærſot kwikli iz konvæid;
 houldiŋ dæir ku:rs tu pæ:fos, hwe:r dæir kwi:n
 me:nz tu imiur herzelf ænd not bi ſi:n.

FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

do:z dæt mutſ kuvet ær wið gæin ſo fond,
 dæt hwæt dæi hæ:v not, dæt hwitſ dæi pozes 1185
 dæi ſkæter ænd unlu:s it from dæir bond,
 ænd ſo:, bij ho:piŋ mo:r, dæi hæ:v but les;
 or, gæiniŋ mo:r, de profit ov ekses
 iz but tu ſurfet, ænd ſutſ gri:fs ſuſtæin,
 dæt dæi pru:v bæŋkruwt in diſ purr-ritſ gæin. 140

The ayme of all is but to nourse the life,
 With honor, wealth, and easse in wainyng age:
 And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage:

145 As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,
 Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect:

150 And this ambitious foule infirmitie,
 In hauing much torment vs with defect
 Of that we haue: so then we doe neglect
 The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

* * *

HER lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies vnder,
 Coosning the pillow of a lawfull kisse:

Who therefore angrie feemes to part in funder,
 Swelling on either side to want his blisse.

590 Betweene whose hils her head intombed is;
 Where like a vertuous Monument shee lies,
 To be admir'd of lewd vnhalloved eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,
 On the greene courerlet whose perfect white
595 Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,
 With pearlie swet resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,
 And canopied in darkenesse sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorne the day.

de æim ov a:l iz but tu nurs de lijf
wid onor, welθ, ænd e:z, in wæ:nij æ:dz;
ænd in dis æim der iz sutʃ θwærtij strijf,
dæt o:n for a:l, or a:l for o:n wi gæ:dz;
æz lijf for onor in fel bætlz rædz;
onor for welθ; ænd oft dæt welθ duθ kost
de de(:)θ ov a:l, ænd a:ltugeder lost.

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so dæt in ventrij il wi le:v tu bi:
de θinj wi æ:r for dæt hwitʃ wi ekspekt;
ænd dis æmbisjus fuwl infirmiti;,
in hæ:vi:j mutʃ, torments us wid defekt
ov dæt wi hæ:v: so den wi du neglekt
de θij wi hæ:v; ænd a:l for wænt ov wit,
mæk sumeij noθij bij a:gmentij it.

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* * *

her lili hænd her ro:zi tʃ:k lijz under,
kuznij de pilo: ov æ la:ful kis;
hwu:, de:rfor æŋgri, si:mz tu pært in sunder,
swelij on e:der sijd tu wænt hisz blis;
bitwi:n hwu:z hilz her hed intu:med iz:¹

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hwe:r, lijk æ verti:us moniument si lijz,
tu bi ædmijrd ov leud unhæloud ijz.

widuwte de bed her uðer fæir hænd wæz,²
on de grï:n kuverlet; hwu:z perfekt hwijt
soud lijk æn æ:pril dæizi on de græs,
wid perli swe(:)t, rezemblijt deu ov nijt.
her ijz, lijk mærigouldz, hæd se:dd dæir lijt,
ænd kænopid in dærknes swi:tli læi,
til dæi mijt o:p,n tu ædorn de dæi.

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¹ Or is. ² wæs.

12 FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE. SONNET XVIII.

400 Her haire like golden threeds playd with her breath,
O modest wantons, wanton modestie!
Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.
Ech in her sleepe themselues so beautifie,
405 As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.
Her breasts like Iuory globes circled with blew,
A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,
Sawe of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
410 And him by oath they truely honored.
These worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,
Who like a fowle vsurper went about,
From this faire throne to heauue the owner out.

SONNET XVIII.

SHALL I compare thee to a Summers day?
Thou art more louely and more temperate:
Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
And Sommers leafe hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And euery faire from faire some-time declines,
By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:
But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,
Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
So long liues this, and this giues life to thee.

FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE. SONNET XVIII. 13

her hæir, lijk gould,n θre(:)dz, ¹ plæid wið her bre(:)θ; ⁴⁰⁰
 o: modest wæntonz! wænton modestij!
 so:inj lijs trijumf in de mæp ov de(:)θ,
 ænd de(:)θs dim lu:k in lijs mortælitij:
 e:ts in her sli:p demselvz so beutifij,
 æz if bitwi:n dem twæin der wer no strijf, ⁴⁰⁵
 but dæt lijf livd in de(:)θ, ænd de(:)θ in lijf.
 her brests, lijk ijk(o)ri glo:bz sirkled wið bliu,
 æ pær ov mæid,n worldz unkoñkered,
 sæv ov dæir lord no be:rij jo:k dæi kniu,
 ænd him bij o:θ dæi triuli onored. ⁴¹⁰
 de:z worldz in tærkwin niu æmbisjón bred;
 hwu:, lijk æ fuwl iuzurper, went æbuwt
 from dis fæir θro:n tu he:v ðe ouner uwt.

SONNET XVIII.

fæl ij kompæ:r di tu æ sumerz dæi?
 duw ært mo:r luqli ænd mo:r temperæt:
 ruf wijndz du fæk de dærlij budz ov mæi,
 ænd sumerz le:s hæθ a:l tu: sort æ dæit:
 sumtijm tu: hot de ij ov he(:)v,n sjinz, ⁵
 ænd oft,n iz his gould kompleksjón dimd;
 ænd ev(e)ri fæir from fæir sumtijm deklijnz,
 bij tʃæns or næ:tiurz tʃændzij ku:rs untrimd;
 but dij eternæl sumer fæl not fæ:d
 nor lu:z pozesjón ov dæt fæir duw oust; ¹⁰
 nor fæl de(:)θ braeg duw wændrest in his fæ:d,
 hwen in eternæl lijnz tu tijm duw groust:
 so loj æz men kæn bre:d or ijj kæn si:;
 so loj livz dis ænd dis qivz lijf tu di:.

¹ Or θri:dz.

SONNET XXX.

WHEN to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,
 I sommon vp remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:
 Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vl'd to flow)
 For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
 And weepe a fresh loues long since canceld woe,
 And mone th'xpence of many a vannisht fight.
 Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
 And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
 The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,
 Which I new pay, as if not payd before.
 But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
 All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

SONNET XXXIII.

FULL many a glorious morning haue I seene,
 Flatter the mountaine tops with soueraine eie,
 Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;
 Guilding pale stremes with heauenly alcumy:
 Anon permit the baseft cloudes to ride,
 With ougly rack on his celestiall face,
 And from the for-lorne world his visage hide
 Stealing vnfeene to west with this disgrace:
 Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine,
 With all triumphant splendor on my brow,
 But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
 The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth,
 Suns of the world may staine, when heauens
 sun staineth.¹

¹ stainteh.

SONNET XXX.

hwen tu de ses̄ionz ov swi:t sijlent θout
 ij sumon up remembræns ov θijz pæst,
 ij sij de læk ov mæni æ θijj ij sout,
 ænd wid ould wo:z niu wæil mij de:r tijmz wæst :
 den kæn ij drunn æn ij, uniuzzd tu flo:, 5
 for presiūs frendz hid in de(:)θs dæ:tes nijt,
 ænd wi:p æfref luvz loj sins kæns,ld wo:,
 ænd mo:n ðekspens ov mæni æ væniſt sijt:
 den kæn ij gri:v æt gri:vænsez forgo:n,
 ænd he(:)vili from wo: tu wo: tel o:r 10
 ðe sæd ækuwnt ov fo:r-bimo:ned mo:n,
 hwitſ ij niu pæi æz if not pæid bifo:r.
 but if de hwijl ij θijk on di:, de:r frend,
 a:l losez ær resto:rd ænd sorouz end.

SONNET XXXIII.

ful mæni æ glo:rius mornij hæv ij si:n
 flæter de muwntæin-tops wid sov(e)ræin ij,
 kisij wid gould,n fæ:s de medouz gri:n,
 gi(:)ldij pæ:l stre:mz wid he(:)vnli ælkimij; 5
 ænon permit de bæ:sest kluwdz tu rijd
 wid ugli ræk on hiz selestæl fæ:s,
 ænd from de forlorn world hiz vizædz hijd,
 ste:lij unsi:n tu west wid dis disgræ:s:
 i:vn so: mij sun o:n e(:)rli morn did sijn
 wid a:l-trijumfænt splendor on mij bruw; 10
 but uwt, ælæk! hi wæz but o:n uwr mijn;
 de re:džion kluwd hæθ mæskt him from mi nuw.
 jit him for dis mij luv no hwit disdæineθ;
 suns ov de world mæi stæin, hwen he(:)vnz sun
 stæineθ.

SONNET LV.

NOT marble, nor the guilded monuments¹
 Of Princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime,
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Then vnswept stome, besmeer'd with fluttish time.
 5 When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-turne,
 And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
 Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne²
 The liuing record of your memory.
 Gainst death, and all obliuious enmity³
 10 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,
 Euen in the eyes of all posterity
 That weare this world out to the ending doome.
 So til the judgement that your selfe arise,
 You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

SONNET LXXIII.

THAT time of yeaire⁴ thou maist in me behold,
 When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange
 Vpon thosse boughes which shake against the could,
 Bare ruin'd⁵ quiers, where late the sweet birds fang.
 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
 Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in reft.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 10 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,

¹ monument., ² burne:. ³ emnity. ⁴ yeeare. ⁵ rn'wd.

SONNET LV.

not mærb,l, nor ðe gi(:)lded moniments
 ov prinsez, sæl uwtliv dis puwrful rijm;
 but iu sæl sijn mo:r brijt in ðe;z kontents
 ðen unswept sto:n bism:rd wið slutif tijm.
 hwen wæ(:)stful vær sæl stætiuz overturn, 5
 ænd broilz ru:t uwt de wurk ov mæ:sonrij,
 nor mærz hiz sword nor værz kwik fijr sæl burn
 de livij rekord ov iur memorij.
 gæinst de(:)θ ænd a:l-oblivius enmitij
 sæl iu pæ:s furθ; iur præiz sæl stil fijnd ru:m 10
 i:vn in de ijz ov a:l posteritij
 dæt we:r dis world uwt tu ðe endij du:m.
 so:, til ðe dʒudȝment dæt iurself ærijz,
 iu liv in dis, ænd dwel in luverz ijjz.

SONNET LXXIII.

dæt tijm ov je:r duw mæist in mi: bihould
 hwen jelo: le:vz, or no:n, or feu, du hæj
 upon ðo:z buwz hwitf sæ:k ægæinst ðe kould,
 bæ:r riund kwijrz, hwe:r læ:t ðe swi:t birdz sæj. 5
 in mi: duw si:st de twijlijt ov sutf dæi
 æz æfter sunset fæ:deθ in de west,
 hwitf bij ænd bij blaek nijt duθ tæ:k æwæi,
 de(:)θs sekond self, dæt se:lz up a:l in rest.
 in mi: duw si:st de glo:ij ov sutf fijr
 dæt on ðe æfæz ov hiz jiuθ duθ lij, 10

As the death bed, whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nurrisht by.
 This thou perceiu'st,¹ which makes thy loue
 more strong,
 To loue that well, which thou must leauue ere long.

SONNET CIV.

To me faire friend you neuer can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
 Such feemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,
 Haue from the forrefts shooke three summers pride,
 Three beautious springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
 In processe of the seafons haue I feene,
 Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.
 Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
 Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,
 So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stand,²
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.
 For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,
 Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

SONNET CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true mindes
 Admit impediments, loue is not loue
 Which alters when it alteration findes,
 Or bends with the remouer to remoue.

¹ perceiu'st. ² stand (d *imperfect*).

SONNET CIV.

tu mi:, fær frend, iu never kæn bi ould,
for æz iu we:r hwæn first iur ij ij ijd,
sutsj si:mz iur beuti stil. Өri: winterz kould
hæv from de forests su:k Өri: sumerz prijd,
Өri: beutius sprinjz tu jelo: a:tum turnd
in pro:ses ov de se:z, nz hæv ij si:n,
Өri: æ:pril perfiumz in Өri: hot džiunz burnd,
sins first ij sa: iu fres, hwits jit ær gri:n.
æh! jit duθ beuti, lijk æ dijæl-hænd,
ste:l from his figiur, ænd no pæ:s perse:vd;
so: iur swi:t hiu, hwits miðiŋks stil duθ stænd,
hæθ mos:lon, ænd mijn ij mæi bi dese:vd:
for fe:r ov hwits, he:r dis, duw æ:dz unbred;
e:r iu wer born wæz beutiz sumer ded.

SONNET CXVI.

let mi not tu de mæriæd^z ov triu mijndz
ædmit impediments. luv iz not lu(:)v
hwitʃ a:lerz hwen it a:leræ:sion fijndz,
or bendz wið de remu;ver tu remu;v

O no, it is an euer fixed marke
 That lookes on tempefts and is neuer shaken;
 It is the star to euery wandring barke,
 Whose worths vnknowne, although his hight¹ be
 taken.

Lou's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickles compasse come,
 Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
 But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:
 If this be error and vpon me proued,
 I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

FROM THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Ariel. Song.

COME vnto these yellow lands,
 And then take hands:
 Curtfied when you haue, and kist
 The wilde waues whist:
 Foote it featly heere, and there,
 And sweete Sprights the burthen beare.²

Burthen dispersedly.

Harke, harke, bowgh-wowgh:³
 The watch-Dogges barke, bowgh-wowgh.⁴

Ar.

Hark, hark, I heare,
 The straine of strutting Chanticlere
 Cry cockadidle-dowe.

¹ higth. ² beare the burthen. ³ bowgh wawgh.
⁴ -wawgh.

o:, no!: it iz æn ever-fiksed mærk
 dæt lu:ks on tempests ænd iz never sæ:k,n;
 it iz de stær tu ev(e)ri wændrij bærk
 hwu:z wurðs unknoun a:ldou his hijt bi tæ:k,n.

5

luvz not tijmz fu:l, dou ro:zi lips ænd tʃi:ks
 wiðin his bendig sik,lz kumpæs ku(:)m;
 luv a:ltærz not wið his bri:f uwrz ænd wi:ks,
 but be:rз it uwt i:vn tu de edz ov du:m.

10

if dis bi eror ænd upon mi pru:vd,
 ij never writ, nor no: mæn ever lu(:)vd.

FROM THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE II.

æ:riel. son.]

kum untu de:z jelo: sændz,
 ænd ðen tæ:k hændz:
 kurtsid hwen iu hæv ænd kist
 de wijld wæ:vz hwist,
 fut it fetli her: ænd de:r;
 ænd, swi:t sprjits, de burd,n be:r.
 burd,n (dispersedli).]

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hærk, hærk! buw-wuw.
 de wætf-dogz bærk: buw-wuw.

æ:riel.]

hærk, hærk! ij her:
 de stræin ov strutij tʃæntikle:r
 krij, kok-æ-did,l-duw.

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Ariell. Song.

895 Full fadom five thy Father lies,
 Of his bones are Corall made:
 Thole are pearles that were his eies,
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a Sea-change
 400 Into something rich, and strange:
 Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.

*Burthen.*Ding-dong.¹*Ar.*²

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

OUR Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
 (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
 150 Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
 And like the baseleffe fabricke of this vifion
 The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
 The solemne Temples, the great Globe it felfe,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolute,
 155 And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
 Leaue not a racking behinde: we are such stiffe
 As dreames are made on; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleepe.

* * *

¹ ding dong. ² Not in F.

æ:ri:el. soj.]

ful fædom fi:jv dij fæ:der li:jz;
ov hiz bo:nz ær koræl mæ:d;
do:z ær pe(:)rlz dæt wer hiz ijz:
noθij ov him dæt duθ fæ:d
but duθ sufer æ se:-tfændz
intu sumθij ritʃ ænd strændz.
se:-nimfs uwrlı rij hiz knel:

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burd,n.]

dij-døy.

æ:ri:el.]

hæk! nuw ij he:r ðem, —dij-døy, bel.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

uwı rev,lz nuw ær ended. ðe:z uwı æktorz,
æz ij fo:rtould iu, wer a:l spirits ænd
ær melted intu æir, intu θin æir:
ænd, lijk de bæ:sles fæbrik ov ðis vizion,
de kluwd-kæpt tuwrz, de gordzıus pælæsez,
de solem temp,lz, de gre:t glo:b itself,
je:, a:l hwitʃ it inherit, sæl dizolv
ænd, lijk ðis insubstænsiæl pædzent fæ:ded,
le:v not æ ræk bihijnd. wi æ:r sutʃ stuf
æz dre:mz ær mæ:d on, ænd uwı lit,l lijf
iz ruwnded wið æ sli:p.

150

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* * *

24 FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Ariell sings.

- WHERE the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,
90 There I cowch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flie
After Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.
-

FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Song.

- WHO is Siluia? what is she?
40 That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wife is she,
The heauen such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kinde as she is faire?
45 For beauty liues with kindnesse:
Loue doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindnesse:
And being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Siluia, let vs sing,
50 That Siluia is excelling;
She excels each mortall thing
Vpon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let vs Garlands bring.
-

ACT V. SCENE I.

æ:riel sijz.]

hwe:r de bi; suks, ðe:r suk ij:
 in æ kuwslips bel ij lij;
 ðe:r ij kuwtʃ hwen uwlz du krij. 90
 on ðe bæts bæk ij du flij
 æfter sumer merilij.
 merili, merili sæl ij liv nuw
 under ðe blosom dæt hænj on ðe buw.

FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

[soj.]

hwu: iz silviæ? hwæt iz fi:;
 dæt a:l uwr swæinz komend her? 40
 ho:li, fæir, ænd wijz iz fi:;
 ðe he(:)vn sutʃ græ:s did lend her,
 dæt fi mijt ædmijred bi:.
 iz fi kijnd æz fi iz fæir?
 for beuti livz wið kijndnes. 45
 luv duθ tu her ijz repæir,
 tu help him ov hiz blijndnes,
 ænd, bi:ij helpt, inhæbits ðe:r.
 ðen tu silviæ let us sij,
 dæt silviæ iz ekselig; 50
 fi: ekselz e:tʃ mortæl θij
 upon ðe dul e(:)rθ dweli:j:
 tu her let us gærlændz brij.

FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Shallow. Sir *Hugh*, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *John Falstaff's*,¹ he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow* Esquire.

Slen. In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and Coram.

Shal. I (*Cofen Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

Slen. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (*Master Parson*) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time thefe three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue.

Shal. The Lufe is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coate.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſſ'd your Keepers daughter?

¹ *Falſtoſſs*.

FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

sælo:] sir hiu, perswæ:d mi not: ij wil mæ:k æ
stær-tfæmber mæter ov it: if hi wer twenti sir
dzon fa:lstæfs, hi sæl not æbiuz robert sælo;
eskwijr.

slender.] in de kuwnti ov gloster, dʒustis ov s
pe:s ænd ko:ræm.

sælo:] ij, kuz,n slender, ænd kustælo:rum.

slender.] ij, ænd ræto-lo:rum tu:; ænd æ dgent,l-
mæn born, mæster pæson; hwu: wrijs himself
ærmidzero:, in æni bil, wærænt, kwitæns, or obli-
gæ:ſion, ærmidzero:.

sælo:] ij, ðæt ij du:; ænd hæv dun æni tijm
ðe:z Өri: hundred je:rz.

slender.] a:l his suksesorz go:n bifo:r him hæθ
dunt, ænd a:l his ænsestorz ðæt kum æfter him 15
mæi: ðæi mæi giv de duz,n hwijt liusez in ðær
ko:t.

sælo:] it iz æn ould ko:t.

evænz.] de duz,n hwijt luwsez du bikum æn
ould ko:t wel; it ægri:z wel, pæsænt; it iz æ
fæmilær be:st tu mæn, ænd signifijz luv.

sælo:] de lius iz de fres fis; de sa:lt fis iz æn
ould ko:t.

* * * * *

fa:lstæf.] nuw, mæster sælo;, iul komplæin ov
mi tu de ki:j?

sælo:] knijt, iu hæv be:t,n mij men, kild mij
de:r, ænd bro:k o:p,n mij lodz. 115

fa:lstæf.] but not kist iur ki:perz da:ter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answere it strait, I haue done all this:
That is now answer'd.

180 *Shal.* The Councell shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known
in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. *Pauca verba*; (Sir John) good worts.

185 *Fal.* Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*,
I broke your head: what matter haue you against me?

Slen. Marry sir, I haue matter in my head
against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls,
Bardolf, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*.

190 *Bar.* You Banbery Cheeze.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

195 *Nym.* Slice, I say; *pauca*, *pauca*: Slice, that's
my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you
tell, Cosen?

200 *Eua.* Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnder-
stand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I
vnderstand; that is, Maister *Page* (fidelicet Master
Page) and there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe)
and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host
of the Garter.¹

205 *Ma. Pa.* We three to hear it, and end it be-
tween them.

Euan. Ferry goot,² I will make a prieve of it
in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon
the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

* * *

¹ Gater. ² goo't.

ſælo:] tut, æ pin! dis ſæl bi ænſwerd.

fa:lstæf.] ij wil ænſwer it stræit; ij hæv dun
a:l dis. dæt iz nuw ænſwerd.

ſælo:] de kuwnſel ſæl kno: dis. 180

fa:lstæf.] twer beter for iu if it wer knoun
in kuwnſel: iul bi læft æt.

evænz.] pa:kæ verbæ, sir dzon; gud worts.¹

fa:lstæf.] gud worts!¹ gud kæbidz. slender, ij
bro:k iur hed: hwæt mæter hæv iu ægæinst mi:² 185

slender.] mæri, sir, ij hæv mæter in mij hed
ægæinst iu; ænd ægæinst iur kuni-kætſij ræskælz,
bærdolf, nim, ænd pistol.

bærdolf.] iu bænberi tſi:z! 180

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

pistol.] huw nuw, meſtoſofilus!

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

nim. ſlijs, ij ſæi! pa:kæ, pa:kæ: ſlijs! dæts
mij hiumor. 185

slender.] hwe:rz ſimp,l, mij mæn? kæn iu
tel, kuz,n?

evænz.] pe:s, ij præi iu. nuw let us under-
ſtænd. der iz Өri: ūmpijrz in dis mæter, æz ij 140
underſtænd; dæt iz, mæster pæ:dz, fideliset mæster
pæ:dz; ænd der iz mijſelf, fideliset mijſelf; ænd
de Өri: pærti iz, læſtli ænd fijnæli, mijn ho:ſt ov
de gærter.

mæster pæ:dz.] wi: Өri:, tu he:r it ænd end it
bitwi:n dem. 145

evænz.] feri gut: ij wil mæ:k æ pri:f ov it in
mij no:t-bu:k; ænd wi wil æfterwærdz urk upon
de ka:z wið æz greit diskri:tli æz wi kæn.

* * *

¹ Or wurts.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

10 *Mist. Pag.* How now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole
to day?

Eua. No: Master *Slender* is let the Boyes
leauue to play.

Qui. 'Blessing of his heart.

15 *Mist. Pag.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband faies my
sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke:
I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

Eu. Come hither *William*; hold vp your
head; come.

20 *Mist. Pag.* Come-on Sirha; hold vp your
head; answere your Master, be not afraid.

Eua. *William*, how many Numbers is in
Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one
25 Number more, because they lay od's-Nownes.

Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*)
William?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then
30 Powlcats, sure.

Eua. You are a very simplicity 'oman:¹ I pray
you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone (*William*?)

35 *Will.* A Peeble.

Eua. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember
in your praine.

Will. *Lapis*.

¹ o'man.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] huw nuw, sir hiu! no: skuil¹⁰
tu:dæi?

evænz.] no:; mæster slender iz let de boiz le:v
tu plæi.

kwikli.] blesij ov hiz hært!

mistres pæ:dʒ.] sir hiu, mij huzbænd sæiz mij
sun profits noθinj in de world æt his bu:k. ij præi¹⁵
iu, æsk him sum kwestionz in hiz æksidens.

evænz.] kum hidr, wilřem; hould up iur
hed; kum.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] kum on, siræ; hould up iur²⁰
hed; ænswer iur mæster, bi: not æfræid.

evænz.] wilřem, huw mæni numberz iz in
nuwnz?

wilřem.] tu:.

kwikli. triuli, ij θout der hæd bin o:n number²⁵
mo:r, bika:z dæi sæi, "odz nuwnz."

evænz.] pe:s iur tætlinz! hwæt iz "færir,"
wilřem?

wilřem.] pulker.

kwikli.] poulkæts! der ær færer θinjz dæn
poulkæts, siur.³⁰

evænz.] iu ær æ veri simplisiti umæn: ij præi
iu, pe:s. hwæt iz "læpis," wilřem?

wilřem.] æ sto:n.

evænz.] ænd hwæt iz æ sto:n, wilřem?

wilřem.] æ pi:b,l.³⁵

evænz.] no:, it iz "læpis:" ij præi iu, remember
in iur præin.

wilřem.] læpis.

⁴⁰ *Eua.* That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatio hic, hæc, hoc.*

⁴⁵ *Eua.* *Nominatio hig, hag, hog*: pray you marke: *genitio huius*: Well: what is your *Accusative-case*?

Will. *Accusatio hinc.*

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accusatio hing, hang, hog.*

⁵⁰ *Qu.* Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Eu. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forsooth, I haue forgot.

⁵⁵ *Eu.* It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

⁵⁵ *Eu.* He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel *Mis. Page.*

Mis. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*: Get you home boy, Come we stay too long.

evænz.] ðæt iz æ gud wiliæm. hwæt iz hi;,
wiliæm, ðæt duz lend ærtik,lz? 40

wiliæm.] ærtik,lz ær boroud ov de pro:nuwn,
ænd bi dus deklijnd, siŋgiulæ:riter, nominætijvo:,
hik, hæk,¹ hok.

evænz.] nominætijvo:, hig, hæg, hog: præi iu,
mærk: dzenitijvo:, hiudzus. wel, hwæt iz iur ækiuzæ-⁴⁵
tiv kæ:s?

wiliæm.] ækiuzætijvo:, hijk.

evænz.] ij præi iu, hæ:v iur remembræns, tfjld;
ækiuzætijvo:, huŋg, hæŋg, hog.

kwikli.] “hæŋ-hog” iz lætn for bæk,n, ij ⁵⁰
wærænt iu.

.

evænz.] fo: mi nuw, wiliæm, sum deklensionz
ov iur pro:nuwnz.

wiliæm.] forsu:θ, ij hæv forgot.

evænz.] it iz kwij, kwe:, kwod: if iu forget
iur “kwijz,” iur “kwe:z,” ænd iur “kwodz,” iu ⁵⁵
must bi pri:tsez. go: iur wæiz, ænd plæi; go:.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] hi iz æ beter skoler ðen ij
θout hi wæz.

evænz.] hi iz æ gud spræg memori. færwel, ⁶⁰
mistres pæ:dʒ.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] ædiu, gud sir hiu. get iu
ho:m, boi. kum, wi stæi tu: loŋ.

¹ Or he(:)k; but cf. l. 44.

FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Ifab. YET shew some pittie.

100 *Ang.* I shew it most of all, when I shew Iustice;
 For then I pittie those I doe not know,
 Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule
 And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
 Liues not to act another. Be satisfied;

105 Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Ifab. So you must be the first that giues this
 fentence,

And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
 To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
 To vfe it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said.

110 *Ifab.* Could great men thunder
 As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
 For euery pelting petty Officer
 Would vfe his heauen for thunder;
 Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
 115 Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt
 Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
 Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,
 Dreft in a little briefe authoritie,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 120 (His glafsie Essence) like an angry Ape
 Plaies such phantaftique tricks before high heauen,
 As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
 Would all themselues laugh mortall.

* * *

FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. SCENE II.

izæbelæ.] jit fo: sum piti.

ændzelo:] ij fo: it mo:st ov a:l hwen ij fo: dzustis; 100
 for den ij piti ðo:z ij du not kno:;
 hwitf æ dismist ofens wu:ld æfter ga:l;
 ænd du: him rjrt ðæt, ænswerin o:n fuwl wronj,
 livz not tu ækt ænuðer. bi: sætisfijd;
 iur bruder dijz tu-moro:; bi: kontent. 105

izæbelæ.] so iu must bi de first ðæt givz dis
 sentens,

ænd hi:, ðæt suferz. o:, it iz ekselent
 tu hæ:v æ dzijænts streŋθ; but it iz tirænus
 tu iuz it lijk æ dzijænt.

liusio:] ðæts wel sæid.

izæbelæ.] ku:ld gre:t men θunder 110
 æz dzo:v himself duz, dzo:v wu:ld ne:r bi kwijet,
 for ev(e)ri peltinj, peti ofiser
 wu:ld iuz hiz he(:)vn for θunder;
 noθinj but θunder! mersiful he(:)vn,
 duw ræder wið dij færp ænd sulf(e)rus boult 115
 splits de unwedzæbl ænd gnærled o:k
 den de soft mirt,l: but mæn, pruwd mæn,
 drest in æ lit,l bri:f a:θoriti,
 mo:st ignorænt of hwæt hi:z mo:st æsiurd,
 hiz glæsi esens, lijk æn æggri æ:p, 120
 plæiz sutf fæntæstik triks bifo:r hij he(:)vn
 æz mæ:ks de ændz,lz wi:p; hwu:, wið uwr spli:nz,
 wu:ld a:l demselvz læf mortæl.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE I.

Isa. WHAT faies my brother?

Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.

Isa. And shamed life, a hatfull.

Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,

To lie in cold obstration, and to rot,

120 This sensible warme motion, to become

A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit

To bath in fierie floods, or to recide

In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,

To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes

128 And blowne with restlesse violence round about

The pendant world: or to be worse then worst

Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,

Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.

The weariest, and most loathed worldly life

136 That Age, Ache, peniury,¹ and imprisonement

Can lay on nature, is a Paradise

To what we feare of death.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Song.

TAKE, oh take those lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworne,

And those eyes: the breake of day,

Lights that do mislead the Morne,

15 But my kis ses bring againe, bring againe,

Seales of loue, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in

vaine.

¹ perjury.

ACT III. SCENE I.

izæbelæ.] hwæt sæiz mij brud'er?
 kla:dio:] de(:)θ iz æ fe:ful θij.
 izæbelæ.] ænd sæ:med lijf æ hæ:tful.
 kla:dio:] ij, but tu dij, ænd go: wi kno: not hwe:r;
 tu lij in kould obstruksion ænd tu rot;
 dis sensib,l wærm mo:sion tu bikum
 æ kne(:)ded klod; ænd de delijted spirit 120
 tu bæ:d in fijri fludz, or tu rezijd
 in θrilij re:dzion ov θik-ribed ijs;
 tu bi impriz,nd in de viules wijndz,
 ænd bloun wið restles vij(o)lens ruwnd æbuwt
 de pendænt world; or tu bi wurs den wurst
 ov do:z dæt la:les ænd insertæin θout
 imædgin huwlij: tiz tu: horib,l!
 de we:rest ænd mo:st lo:ded worldli lijf
 dæt æ:dz, æ:tʃ, peniuri ænd impriz,nment 135
 kæn læi on nætiur iz æ pærædijs
 tu hwæt wi fe:r ov de(:)θ.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

[son.]

tæ:k, o:, tæ:k do:z lips æwæi,
 dæt so swi:tli wer forsworn;
 ænd do:z ijz, de bre:k ov dæi,
 lijts dæt du misle:d de morn:
 but mij kisez brij ægæin, brij ægæin;
 se:lz ov luv, but se:ld in væin, se:ld in 5
 væin.

FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Song.

SIGH no more Ladies, sigh no more,
 65 Men were deceiuers euer,
 One foote in Sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant neuer,
 Then sigh not so, but let them goe,
 And be you blithe and bonnie,
 70 Conuerting all your sounds of woe,
 Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
 Of dumps so dull and heauy,
 The fraud of men was¹ ever so,
 75 Since summer firt was leauy,
 Then sigh not so, &c.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE I.

Hero. O GOD of loue! I know he doth deserue,
 As much as may be yeelded to a man.
 But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
 50 Of powder stiffe then that of *Beatrice*:
 Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
 Values it selfe so highly, that to her
 All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,
 55 Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
 Shee is so selfe indeared.

¹ were *F*, was *Q*.

FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

sij no mo:r, læ:diz, sjj no mo:r,
 men wer dese:verz ever, 65
 o:n fu:t in se: ænd o:n on fo:r,
 tu o:n θij konstænt never:
 den sjj not so:, but let ðem go:,
 ænd bi: iu blijd ænd boni,
 konværtij a:l iur suwndz ov wo: 70
 intu hæi noni, noni.

sjj no mo:r ditiz, sjj no mo:;
 ov dumps so dul ænd he:vi;
 ðe fra:d ov men wæz ever so:;
 sins sumer first wæz le:vi: 75
 den sjj not so:, &c.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE I.

he:ro:] o: god ov luv! ij kno: hi duθ dezerv
 æz mutʃ æz mæi bi ji:lded tu æ mæn:
 but næ:tiur never fræ:md æ wumænz hært
 ov pruuder stuf ðen ðæt ov be:ætris; 80
 disdæin ænd skorn rijd spærkljij in her ijjz,
 misprijzing hwæt dæi lu:k on, ænd her wit
 væliuz itself so hijli ðæt tu her
 a:l mæter els si:mz we:k: fi kænot luv,
 nor tæ:k no fæ:p nor prodzekt ov æfeksjón, 85
 fi iz so self-inde:rd.

Vrsula.

Sure I thinke so,

And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw
man,

60 How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would fweare the gentleman should be her sister:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:

65 If low, an agot very vildlie cut:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.

So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
70 Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

Bene. LADY *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this
while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

260 *Beat.* You haue no reason, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surelie I do beleue your fair cosin is
wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserue
of mee that would right her!

265 *Bene.* Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A verie euen way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

ursiulæ.] siur, ij ðiŋk so:;
ænd de:rfo:r sertainli it wer not qud
ſi kniu hiz luv, lest ſi mæ:k sport æt it.
hero:] hwij, iu spe:k triuθ. ij never jít sa:
mæn,
huw wijz, huw no:b,l, juŋ, huw ræ:rlí fe:tiurd,
but ſi wu:ld spel him bækwaerd: if fæir-fæ:st,
ſi:ld swe:r de džent,lmæn fu:ld bi her sister;
if blaek, hwij, næ:tiur, dra:iŋ ov æn æntik,
mæ:d æ fuwl blot; if ta:l, æ læns il-heded;
if lo:, æn ægæt¹ veri vijldli kut;
if spe:kiŋ, hwij, æ væ:n bloun wið a:l wijndz;
if sijlent, hwij æ blok mu:ved wið no:n.
so turnz ſi ev(e)ri mæn de wroŋ sijd uwt,
ænd never givz tu triuθ ænd vertiu dæt
hwit' simp,lnes ænd merit purtfæseθ.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

benedik.] læ:di be:xætris, hæv iu wept a:l dis
hwijl?

be:ætris.] je:, ænd ij wil wi:p æ hwijl longer.

benedik.] ii wil not dezijr dæt.

be:ætris.] iu hæv no re:z,n; ij du: it fri:li. 260

benedik.] siurli ij du bili:v iur fær kuz,n iz
wrond.

be:ætris.] aeh, huw mutſ mijt de mæn dezerv
ov mi dæt wuld riit her!

benedik.] iz ðer æni wæi tu so: suts! frendſip? 265

[...] Iz der ærl. wæl tu jor. satj. kenhajp.
be:ætris.] æ veri i:v.n wæl, but no: suts! frend.

benedik! mæi æ mæn du: it?

beætris.] it iz æ mænz ofis, but not iurz.

¹ Hardly ægot

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world so well
270 as you, is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not,
it were as possible for me to say, I loued nothing
so well as you, but beleue me not, and yet I lie
275 not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am
sorri for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword *Beatrice* thou lou'st me.

Beat. Doe not swear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will sware by it that you loue mee,
and I will make him eat it that layes I loue not you.

280 *Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no swace that can be devised to
it, I protest I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bene. What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

285 *Beat.* You haue stayed me in a happy howre,
I was about to protest I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with so much of my heart,
that none is left to protest.

FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ANOTHER of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, if¹ I haue heard a truth.
285 *Berowne* they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.

¹ as *F*, if *Q*.

benedik.] ij du luv noθij in de world so wel
æz iu: iz not dæt strændz? 270

be:ætris.] æz strændz æz de θij ij kno: not,
it wer æz posib,l for mi tu sæi ij luvd noθij so
wel æz iu: but bili:v mi not; ænd jit ij lij not;
ij konfes noθij, nor ij denij noθij. ij æm sori 275
for mij kuz,n.

benedik.] bij mij sword, be:ætris, duw luvst mi:.

be:ætris.] du: not swe:r bij it, ænd e:t it.

benedik.] ij wil swe:r bij it dæt iu luv mi:;
ænd ij wil mæ:k him e:t it dæt sæiz ij luv not iu.

be:ætris.] wil iu not e:t iur word? 280

benedik.] wið no: sa:s dæt kæn bi devijzd tu
it. ij protest ij luv di:.

be:ætris.] hwijj ðen, god forgiv mi:!

benedik.] hwæt ofens, swi:t be:ætris?

be:ætris.] iu hæv stæid mi in æ hæpi uwr: 285
ij wæz æbuwt tu protest ij luvd iu.

benedik.] ænd du: it wið a:l dij hært.

be:ætris.] ij luv iu wið so mutʃ ov mij hært
dæt no:n iz left tu protest.

FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ænuðer ov ðe:z stuidents æt dæt tijm
wæz ðe:r wið him, if ij hæv hærd æ triuθ. 65
beruwn dæi ka:l him; but æ merier mæn,
widin ðe limit ov bikumiŋ mirθ,
ij never spent æn uw,rz ta:k wiða:l:

His eye begets occasion for his wit,
 70 For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
 The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest,
 Which his faire tongue (conceits expofitor)
 Deliuers in fuch apt and gracious words,
 That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
 75 And yonger hearings are quite rauished.
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

O WE haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,
 And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
 820 For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
 In leaden contemplation haue found out
 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
 Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:
 Other flow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
 825 And therefore finding barraine practizers,
 Scarce shew a haruest of their heauy toyle.
 But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
 Liues not alone emured in the braine:
 But with the motion of all elements,
 830 Courses as swift as thought in euery power,
 And giues to euery power a double power,
 Aboue their functions and their offices.
 It addes a precious feeing to the eye:
 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde,
 835 A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound
 When the fufpicious head of theft is stopt.
 Loues feeling is more soft and fensible,
 Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.

hiz ij bigets okæ:zion for hiz wit;
 for ev(e)ri obdʒekt dæt de o:n duθ kæts
 de uðer turnz tu æ mirθ-mu:viŋ dȝest,
 hwitʃ hiz faer tuŋ, konsæits ekspozitor,
 deliverz in sutʃ æpt ænd græ:sius wordz
 dæt æ:dzed eirz plæi triuænt æt hiz tæ:lz
 ænd junger he:riŋz ær kwijt rævisted;
 so swi:t ænd voliub,l iz hiz disku:rs.

70

75

ACT IV. SCENE III.

o:, wi hæv mæ:d æ vuw tu studi, lordz,
 ænd in dæt vuw wi hæv forsworn uwr bu:ks.
 for hwen wu:ld iu, mij li:dȝ, or iu, or iu,
 in le(:):d,n kontemplæsion hæv fuwnd uwt
 sutʃ fijri numberz æz de promptiŋ ijz
 ov beutiz tiutorz hæv inritſt iu wiθ?
 uðer slo: ærts intijrlí ki:p de bræin;
 ænd de:rfor:, fijndiŋ bæræin præktsizerz,
 skærſ ſo: æ hærvest ov dæir he(:):vi toil:
 but luv, first lerned in æ læ:didz ijz,
 livz not ælo:n imiured in de bræin;
 but, wið de mo:sion ov a:l elements,
 kurſeſ æz swift æz θout in ev(e)ri puwr,
 ænd givz tu ev(e)ri puwr æ dub,l puwr,
 æbuv dæir fuŋksionz ænd dæir ofisez.
 it ædz æ presiū ſi:ij tu ðe ij;
 æ luverz ijz wil qæ:z æn e:g,l bliind;
 æ luverz er wil her: de lo:est suwnd,
 hwen de suspisiū hed ov θeft iz stopt:
 luvz fi:liŋ iz mo:r soft ænd sensib,l
 ðen ær de tender hornz ov kokled snaelz;

320

325

380

385

Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus grosse in taste,*
 840 For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules?*
 Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides.*
 Subtil as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musicall,
 As bright *Apollo's Lute*, strung with his haire.
 And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
 845 Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie.
 Neuer durft Poet touch a pen to write,
 Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues sighes:
 O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
 850 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriuie.
 They sparcle still the right promethean fire,
 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
 That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
 Else none at all in aught proues excellent.

* *

ACT V. SCENE II.

*Spring.*¹

WHEN Dasies pied, and Violets blew,
 905 And Ladie-smockes all siluer white:
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew,
 Do paint the Medowes with delight:²
 The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
 Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
 910 Cuckow.
 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
 Vnpleasing to a married eare.

¹ Not in F. ² *Ll. 904 to 907 arranged* 904,
 906, 905, 907.

luvz tuŋ pru:vz dæinti bækus gro:s in tæ:st:
 for vælor, iz not luv æ herkiule:z,
 stil klijmij tri:z in de hesperide:z?
 subtil æz sfiŋks; æz swi:t ænd miuzikæl
 æz brijt æpolo:z liut, struŋ wið his hæir:
 ænd hwen luv speks, de vois ov a:l de godz
 mæ:k he(:)v,n druwzi wið de hærmoni.
 never durst po:et tutʃ æ pen tu wrijt
 until his ijk wer tempred wið luvz sijz;
 o:, den his lijnz wu:ld rævis sævædʒ e:rz
 ænd plænt in tijränts mijld hiumiliti.
 from wimenz ijj dis doktrin ij derijv:
 dæi spærkl stil de rijt prome:θiæn fijr;
 dæi ær de bu:ks, de ærts, de ækæde:mz,
 dæt so:, kontæin ænd nuris a:l de world:
 els no:n æt a:l in a:t pru:vz eksealent.

840

845

850

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

[sprinj.]

hwen dæiziz pijd ænd vij(o)lets bliu
 ænd læ:di-smoks a:l silver hwijt
 ænd kukuw-budz ov jelo: hiu
 du pæint de medouz wið delijt,
 de kukuw den, on ev(e)ri tri:,
 moks mærid men; for dus siŋz hi:,
 kukuw;
 kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov fer,
 unple:ziŋ tu æ mærid e:r!

905

910

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
 And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
 When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
 And Maidens bleach their summer smocks:
 The Cuckow then on euerie tree
 Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckow.
 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
 Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Iicles hang by the wall,
 And Dicke the Shepheard¹ blowes his naile;
 And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
 And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
 When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
 Tu-whit.²
 Tu-whit to-who: A merrie note,
 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coffing drownes the Parsons law:
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
 When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
 Tu-whit.²
 Tu whit to-who: A merrie note,
 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

¹ Sphepherd.² Not in QF.

hwen sepherdz piip on o:t,n stra:z
 ænd meri lærks ær pluwmenz kloks,
 hwen turt,lz tre(:d), ænd ru:ks, ænd da:z, 915
 ænd mæid,nz ble:tsf ðær sumer smoks,
 ðe kukuw ðen, on ev(e)ri tri:,
 moks mærid men; for ðus siñz hi:,
 kukuw;
 kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov fe:r,
 unple:zinj tu æ mærid e:r! 920

[winter.]

hwen ijsik,lz hænij bij ðe wa:l
 ænd dik ðe sepherd blouz hiz næil
 ænd tom be:rz logz intu ðe ha:l
 ænd milk kumz fro:z,n ho;m in pæil,
 hwen blud iz nipt ænd wæiz bi fuwl,
 ðen nijtli siñz ðe stæ:rijn uwL,
 tiu-hwit;
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,
 hwijl gre:si dzo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot. 935

hwen a:l æluwd ðe wijnd duθ blo:
 ænd kofij druwnz ðe pærsonz sa:
 ænd birdz sit bru:diñ in ðe sno:
 ænd mæriænz no:z luks red ænd ra:,
 hwen ro:sted kræbz his in ðe boul,
 ðen nijtli siñz ðe stæ:rijn uwL,
 tiu-hwit;
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,
 hwijl gre:si dzo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot.

FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

Ob.

My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest
 Since once I sat vpon a promontory,
 150 And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
 Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,
 And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
 To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puc.

I remember.

155 *Ob.* That very time I saw ¹ (but thou couldst not)
 Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
 At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,
 And loos'd his loue-shaft Imartly from his bow,
 160 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
 But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
 Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;
 And the imperiall Votressle passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.
 165 Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
 It fell vpon a little westerne flower;
 Before, milke-white; now purple with lous wound,
 And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.
 Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee
 once,
 170 The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote

¹ say *F*, law *Q*.

FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

oberon.] mij dzent,l puk, kum heder. duw remembrest
 sins o;ns ij sæt upon æ promontori,
 ænd hærd æ me(:)rmæid on æ dolfinz bæk
 ut(e)rij sutʃ dulset ænd hærmo;nus bre(:)θ
 ðæt de riud se: griu sivil æt her soj
 ænd sertæin stærz fot mædli from ðær sfe:rz,
 tu he:r de se:-mæidz miuzik!

150

puk.] ij remember.

oberon.] ðæt veri tijm ij sa:, but duw ku:ldst not, 155
 flijing bitwi:n de kould mu:n ænd ðe e(:)rθ,
 kiupid a:l ærmd: æ sertæin æim hi tu:k
 æt æ fær vestæl θro:ned bij de west,
 ænd lu:st hiz luv-sæft smærtli from hiz bo:,
 æz it suuld pe:rs æ hundred θuwzænd hærts; 160
 but ij mijt si: juŋ kiupidz fijri sæft
 kwentjt in ðe tʃæ(:)st be:rnz ov ðe wæt(e)ri mu:n,
 ænd de impe:riæl vo:t(æ)res pæsed on,
 in mæid,n meditæ:sion, fænsi-fri:.
 jit mærkjt ij hwe:r ðe boult ov kiupid fel: 165
 it fel upon æ lit,l western fluwr,
 bifo:r milk-hwijt, nuw purp,l wið luvz wuwnd,
 ænd mæid,nz ka:l it luv-in-ijd,lnes.
 fetʃ mi ðæt fluwr; de herb ij soud di o;ns:

160

ðe dʒius ov it on sli:piŋ ij-lidz læid 170
 wil mæ:k or mæn or wumæn mædli do:t

Vpon the next liue creature that it fees.
 Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
 Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league.

175 *Pucke.* Ile put a girdle round¹ about the earth,
 In forty minutes.²

* * *

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

Fairies Sing.

YOU spotted Snakes with double tongue,
 10 Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,
 Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
 Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
 Philomele with melodie,
 Sing in our³ sweet Lullaby,
 15 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
 Neuer harme,
 Nor spell, nor charme,
 Come our louely Lady nye,
 So good night with Lullaby.

2. *Fairy.*

20 Weauing Spiders come not heere,
 Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
 Beetles blacke approach not neere;
 Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
 Philomele with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.*

25 Hence away, now all is well;
 One aloofe, stand Centinell.

* * *

¹ round *om. F*, round *Q*. ² *Ll.* 175, 176 *printed as prose.* ³ your *F*, our *Q*.

upon de nekst lijv kre:tiur dæt it si:z.
fetʃ mi dis herb; ænd bi: duw her ægæin
e:r de levijæðæn kæn swim æ le:q.

puk.] ijl put æ qird,l ruwnd æbuwt ðe e(:)rθ 175
in fo:rti miniuts.

* * *

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

[fæiriz sin.]

iu spoted snæ:ks wið dubl tuŋ,
θorni hedžhogz, bi: not si:n;
niuts ænd blijnd-wurmz, du: no wroŋ,
kum not ne:r uw̄r fæiri kwi:n.
filomel, wið melodij
siŋ in uw̄r swi:t lulæbij;
lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij, lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij:
ne(:)ver hærm,
nor spel nor tʃærm,
kum uw̄r luvlij læ:di ni;j;
so:, qud nijt, wið lulæbij.

sekond fæiri.]
 we:vinj spijderz, kum not he:r;
 hens, iu lo:j-legd spinerz, hens!
 20
 bi:t,lz blæk, æpro:ts not ne:r;
 worm nor snæil, du: no: ofens.
 filomel wi:t melodii. &c.

first fæiri.]
hens, æwæi! nuw a:l iz wel:
o:n ælu:f stænd sentinel. 25

* * *

FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

Bot. WHY do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard.

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an Affe-
120 head of your owne, do you?

Pet. Blesse thee *Bottome*, blesse thee; thou art translated.

Bot. I see their knauery; this is to make an
125 affe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woofell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.

130 The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren with¹ little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot.

The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainsong Cuckow gray;

135 Whose note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answere, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer so?

¹ and F, with Q.

FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

botom.] hwij du 'dæi run æwæi? dis iz æ 115
knæ:veri ov ðem tu mæ:k mi æferd.

snuwt.] o: botom, ðuw ært tʃændʒd! hwæt
du ij si: on ði:?

botom.] hwæt du iu si:? iu si: æn æs-hed ov 120
iur oun, du: iu?

pe:ter.] bles ði:, botom! bles ði:! ðuw ært
trænslæited.

botom.] ij si: ðær knæ:veri: dis iz tu mæ:k
æn æs ov mi:; tu frijt mi:, if ðær ku:ld. but ij wil 125
not stor from dis plæ:s, du: hwæt ðær kæn: ij wil
wa:k up ænd down he:r, ænd ij wil sinj, ðæt ðær
jæl he:r ij æm not æfræid.

de wu:z,l kok so blæk ov hiu,
wid orændʒ-ta:ni bil,
de Ørost,l wid his no:t so triu, 130
de wren wid lit,l kwil,—

titæ:næ:] hwæt ændʒ,l wæ:ks mi from mi
fluwri bed?

botom.]

de fint], de spæro: ænd de lærk,
de plæin-soŋ kukuw græi,
hwu:z no:t ful mæn̄i æ mæn duθ mærk, 135
ænd dæ:rz not ænswær næi;—

for, indi:d, hwu: wu:ld set his wit tu so fu:lij æ
bird? hwu: wu:ld giv æ bird de lij, ðou hi krij
“kukuw” never so:?

140 *Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,
 Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shafe,
 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me¹
 On the first view to say, to sware I loue thee.

145 *Bot.* Me-thinkes mistresse, you shoule haue
 little reason for that: and yet to say the truth,
 reason and loue keepe little company together,
 now-adayes. The more the pittie, that some honest
 neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I
 150 can gleeke vpon occasion.

Tyta. Thou art as wife, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough
 to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue
 mine owne turne.

155 *Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
 Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
 I am a spirit of no common rate:
 The Summer stll doth tend vpon my state,
 And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
 160 Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
 And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers doft sleepe:
 And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,
 That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.
 165 Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seede!²

¹ Ll. 142, 143, 144 arranged as 144, 142, 143.

² The following stage direction takes the place of l. 165: Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.

titæ:niæ.] ij præi di:, dzent,l mortæl, sij ægæin : 140
 mijn e:r iz mutſ enæmord ov dij no:t;
 so: iz mijn ij enθra:led tu dij fæ:p;
 ænd dij fær vertiuz fors perfors duθ mu:v mi:
 on de first viu tu sæi, tu swe:r, ij luv di:.

botom.] miθijks, mistres, iu fu:ld hæv lit,l re:z,n 145
 for dæt: ænd jit, tu sæi de triuθ, re:z,n ænd luv
 ki:p lit,l kumpæni tugeðer nuw-æ-dæiz; de mo:r
 de piti dæt sum onest ne:borz wil not mæ:k dem
 frendz. næi, ij kæn gli:k upon okæ;zion. 150

titæ:niæ.] duw ært æz wijz æz duw ært beutiful.

botom.] not so:, ne:der: but if ij hæv wit
 inuf tu get uwt ov dis wud, ij hæv inuf tu serv
 mijn oun turn.

titæ:niæ.] uwt ov dis wud du: not dezir tu go: : 155
 duw fælt remæin her, hweder¹ duw wilt or no:.
 ij æm æ spirit ov no komon ræ:t:
 de sumer stil duθ tend upon mij stæ:t;
 ænd ij du luv di:: de:rfor, go: wið mi:;
 ijl giv di fæfiriz tu ætend on di:, 160
 ænd dæi fæl fetʃ di dʒiuelz from de di:p,
 ænd sij hwijl duw on presed fluwrz dust sli:p:
 ænd ij wil purdʒ dij mortæl gro:snes so:
 dæt duw fælt lijk æn æiri spirit go:
 pe:zblosom! kobweb! moθ! ænd mustærds:i:d! 165

¹ Or hwe:r.

Peaf. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Muf. And I.

All. Where shall we go?¹

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie² Glow-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

Fai. Haile mortall, haile.

Fai. Haile.

Fai. Haile.

* * *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

Hip. 'TIS strange my *Theseus*, that these louers
Speake of.

The. More strange then true. I neuer may
believe

These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,
Louers and mad men haue such feething braines,
Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend

¹ Ll. 166 to 170 printed as one line, as follows:
Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we go?
² fierie.

pe:zblosom.]	redi.	
kobweb.]	ænd ij.	
moθ.]	ænd ij.	
mustærdsi:d.]	ænd ij.	
a:l.]	hwe:r fæl wi go: ?	
titæ:nīæ.]	bi kijnd ænd kurtēus tu dis dzent,lmæn ;	
hop in hiz wa:ks	ænd gæmbol in hiz ijj;	
fi:d him wið æ:prikoks	ænd deuberiz,	
wið purpl græ:ps,	gri:n figz, ænd mulberiz;	170
ðe huni-bægz stel	from ðe humbl-bi:z,	
ænd for nijt-tæ:perz	krop ðæir wæks,n θijz	
ænd lijt ðem æt de fijri	glo:-wurmz ijj,	
tu hæ(:)v mij luv tu bed	ænd tu ærijz;	
ænd pluk de wiñz	from pæinted buterflijz	
tu fæn ðe mu:nbe:mz	from hiz sli:pij ijj:	
nod tu him, elvz,	ænd du: him kurtesijz.	
first fæiri.]	hæil, mortæl, hæil !	
sekond fæiri.]	hæil !	180
θird fæiri.]	hæil !	

* * *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

hipolitæ.] tiz strændz, mij θe:z̥us, dæt ðe:z̥
luverz spe:k ov.
θe:z̥us.] mo:r strændz ðen triu: ij ne(:)ver mæi
bilivv
ðe:z̥ æntik fæ:b,lz, nor ðe:z̥ færi toiz.
luverz ænd mædmen hæv sutʃ si:diŋ bræinz,
sutʃ fæ:pɪŋ fæntæsiz, dæt æprehend

- More then coole reason euer comprehends.¹
 The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
 Are of imagination all compact.
 One sees more duuels then vaste hell can hold;
- 10 That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,
 Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.
 The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to
 heauen.²
- And as imagination bodies forth
 15 The forms of things vnknowne; the Poets pen
 Turnes them to shapes, and giues to airy³ nothing,
 A locall habitation, and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,⁴
 That if it would but apprehend some ioy,
- 20 It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.
 Or in the night, imagining some feare,
 How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?
- Hip.* But all the storie of the night told ouer,
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
 25 More witnesseth than fancies images,
 And growes to something of great constancie;
 But howsoeuer, strange, and admirable.

¹ L. 5 ends with more. ² L. 12 ends with glance.

³ aire. ⁴ Ll. 14 to 18 printed as four, ending with
 things . . . shapes . . . habitation . . . imagination.

mo:r ðen ku:l re:z,n ever komprehendz.
 ðe liunætik, ðe luver ænd ðe po:et
 ær ov imædžinæ:sion a:l kompækt.
 o:n si:z mor: di:vilz¹ ðen væst hel kæn hould,
 dæt iz, de mædmæn: ðe luver, a:l æz fræntik, 10
 si:z helenz beuti in æ bruw ov e:džipt:
 ðe po:ets ij, in æ fijn frenzi roulij,
 duθ glæns from he(:)vn tu e(:)rθ, from e(:)rθ tu
 he(:)vn;
 ænd æz imædžinæ:sion bodiz furθ
 ðe fo(:)rms ov θijz unknoun, ðe po:ets pen 15
 turnz ðem tu ßæ:ps ænd givz tu æiri noθij
 æ lo:kæl hæbitæ:sion ænd æ næ:m.
 sutʃ triks hæθ stroj imædžinæ:sion,
 dæt, if it wu:ld but æprehend sum dʒoi,
 it komprehendz sum bringer ov ðæt dʒoi; 20
 or in ðe nijt, imædžinij sum fe:r,
 huw e:zi iz æ buʃ supo:zd æ be:r!
 hipolitæ.] but a:l ðe sto:ri ov ðe nijt tould o(:)ver,
 ænd a:l ðær mijndz trænsfigiurd so: tugeðer,
 mo:r witnesθ ðæn fænsiz imædʒez 25
 ænd grouz tu sumθij ov gre:t konstænsi;
 but, huwsoever, strændz ænd ædmiræb,l.

¹ Or di:v,lz.

FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

A Song.

TELL me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nourished.

65

Replie, replie.

It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:

70

Let vs all ring Fancies knell.

Ile begin it. Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

* * *

FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,

185 It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.

190 His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maiestie,
Wherein doth sit this dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
195 It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods

FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

[æ soŋ.]

tel mi: hwe:r iz fænsi bred,
 or in ðe hært or in ðe hed?
 huw bigot, huw nurisjed? 65
 replij, replij.
 it iz endzendred in ðe ijjz,
 wið gæ:zig fed; ænd fænsi dijjz
 in de kræ:d,l hwe:r it lijz.
 let us a:l rij fænsiz knel: 70
 ijjl bigin it,—dijj, dojj, bel.
 a:l.] dijj, dojj, bel.

65

70

*

*

*

FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

ðe kwæliti ov mersi iz not stræind,
 it dropeθ æz de dzent,l ræin from he(:)vn 185
 upon de plæ:s bine:th: it iz twijs blest;
 it bleseθ him dæt givz ænd him dæt tæ:ks:
 tiz mijt̄est in ðe mijt̄est: it bikumz
 de ðro:ned monærk beter ðen his kruwn;
 his septer souz de fors ov temporæl puwr, 190
 de ætribiut tu a: ænd mædžesti,
 hwe:rin duθ sit de dre(:)d ænd fer: ov kijz;
 but mersi iz æbuv dis septred swæi;
 it iz enþroned in ðe hærts ov kijz,
 it iz æn ætribiut tu god himself; 195
 ænd e(:)rθli puwr duθ ðen fo: lijkest godz

185

190

195

When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,
 Though Justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That in the course of Justice, none of vs
 200 Should fee saluation: we do pray for mercie,
 And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
 The deeds of mercie.

* * *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

Lor. THE moone shines bright. In such a night
 as this,
 When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
 And they did make no noyse,¹ in such a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
 5 And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
 Where *Cressed*² lay that night.

Ief. In such a night
 Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
 And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
 And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
 10 Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
 Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue
 To come againe to Carthage.

Ief. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
 That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
 15 Did *Jeffica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
 And with an Vnthrifte Loue did runne from Venice,
 As farre as Belmont.

¹ nnyse (*misprint*).

² Sic.

hwæn mersi se:z, nz ðjustis. ðe:rfo:r, ðziu,
ðou ðjutis bi: dij ple:, konsider dis,
ðæt, in ðe ku:rs ov ðjutis, no:n ov us
su:ld si: sælvæ:sjøn: wi du præi for mersi;
ænd ðæt sæ:m præir duθ te:tʃ us a:l tu render
de di:dz ov mersi.

* * *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

lorenzo:] de mu:n sijnz brijt: in sutʃ æ nijt
æz ðis,

hwen de swi:t wijnd did dgentli kis de tri:z
ænd ðæi did mæ:k no noiz, in sutʃ æ nijt
troilus miθiŋks muwnted de tro:dæn wa:lz
ænd sijd hiz soul towærd de gre:s̄iæn tents,
hwe:r kresid læi ðæt nijt.

dzesikæ.] in sutʃ æ nijt
did θizbe feɪrfuːlɪ oːrtrɪp de deu
ænd saː de lijonz ðədøː eːr himself
ænd ræn dɪsmæd æwæj.

lorenzo:] in sutʃ æ nijt
stu(:)d dijdo: wið æ wilo: in her hænd
upon de wijld se: bæŋks ænd wæft her luv
tu kum ægæin tu kærθædz.

dzesikæ.] in sutſ æ nijt
medeæ gædred de intſænted herbz
dæt did reniu ould eizon.

lorenzo:] in sutʃ æ nijt
did dʒesikæ stel from ðe welθi dʒiu
ænd wið æn unθrift luv did run from venis
æz fær æz belmont.

Ief.

In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
20 And nere a true one.

Loren.

In such a night
Did pretty *Jeffica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

Jeffi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Loren.

How sweete the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
55 Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creepe in our eares, soft stilnes and¹ the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
Sit *Jeffica*, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlaid with pattens of bright gold,
60 There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortall soules,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
65 Doth grofly close it in,² we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With sweetest tutches pearce your Miltrelle eare,
And draw her home with musicke.

Jeffi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet
musique.

70 *Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

¹ e. i. stilnes, and *F*, as above *Q*. ² in it.

dzesikæ.] in sutſ æ nijt
 did juŋ lorenzo: swe:r hi luvd her wel,
 ste:liŋ her soul wið mæni vuwz ov fæiθ
 ænd ne:r æ triu o:n.

20

lorenzo:] in sutſ æ nijt
 did priti¹ dzesikæ, lijk æ lit,l fro:,
 slænder her luv, ænd hi: forgæ:v it her.

dzesikæ.] ij wu:ld uwt-nijt iu, did no bodi kum;
 but, hæk, ij he:r de fuitj ov æ mæn.

lorenzo:]
 huw swi:t de mu:nlijt sli:ps upon dis bæjk!
 he:r wil wi sit ænd let de suwndz ov miuzik 55
 kri:p in uwr e:rz: soft stilnes ænd de nijt
 bikum de tutſez ov swi:t hærmoni.
 sit, dzesikæ. lu:k huw de flu:r ov he(:)vn
 iz θik inlæid wið pætenz ov brijt gould:
 derz not de sma:lest orb hwitſ duw bihouldst 60
 but in his mo:sion lijk æn ændz,l siŋz,
 stil kwijrin tu de juŋ-ijd tserubinz;
 sutſ hærmoni iz in imortael soulz;
 but hwijlst dis mudi vestiur ov dekæi
 duθ gro:sli klo:z it in, wi kænot he:r it. 65
 kum, ho!:! ænd wæ:k diænæ wið æ him:
 wið swi:test tutſez pe:rs iur mistres er
 ænd dra; her ho:m wið miuzik.

dzesikæ.] ij (æ)m never meri hwen ij he:r swi:t
 miuzik.

lorenzo:] de re:z,n iz, iur spirits ær ætentiv: 70
 for du: but no:t æ wijld ænd wænton herd,
 or ræ:s ov jiuθful ænd unhändled koultz,
 fetſij mæd buwndz, beloiŋ ænd ne:iŋ luwd,

¹ Or preti.

Which is the hot condition of their bloud,
 75 If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,
 You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,
 Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet
 80 Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods:
 Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But musicke for the¹ time doth change his nature,
 The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
 Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
 85 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections darke as *Erobos*,²
 Let no such man be trusted.

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

Duk. Sen. NOW my Coe-mates, and brothers
 in exile:

Hath not old custome made this life more sweete
 Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
 More free from perill then the eniuious Court?
 5 Heere feele we but³ the penaltie of *Adam*,
 The seafons difference, as the Icie phange
 And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
 Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
 Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
 10 This is no flattery: these are counsellors

¹ the *om.* *F.*, the *Q.* ² Sic *F.*, *Terebus Q.* ³ not.

hwitſ iz de hot kondisjon ov dæir blud;
if dæi but he:r pertſæns æ trumpet suwnd,
or æni æir ov miuzik tutſ dæir e:rz,
iu ſæl perse:v dem mæ:k æ miutiuel stænd,
dæir sævædz ijz turnd tu æ modest gæ:z
bij de swi:t puwr ov miuzik: de:rfor de po:et
did fæin dæt orfæus driu tri:z, ston:z ænd fludz;
sins na:t so stokisj, hærd, ænd ful ov ræ:dz,
but miuzik for de tijm duθ tſændz his næ:tiur.
de mæn dæt hæθ no miuzik in himself,
nor iz not mu:vd wið konkord ov swi:t suwndz,
iz fit for tre:z,nz, strætædžemz, ænd spoilz;
de mo:sionz ov his spir(i)t ær dul æz nijt,
ænd his æfeksionz dærk æz erebus:
let no: sutſ mæn bi trusted.

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

diuk se:nør.] nuw, mij ko:-mæ:ts ænd bruðerz
in eksil,

hæθ not ould kustom mæ:d dis lijf mo:r swit
ðen dæt ov pæinted pomp? ær not ðe:z wudz
mo:r fri: from peril ðen ðe envius ku:rt?
he:r fi:l wi but ðe penælti ov ædæm,
ðe se:z,nz dif(e)rens, æz ðe ijsi fæj
ænd tsurlis tsijdiŋ ov ðe winterz wijnd,
hwitſ, hwen it bijts ænd blouz upon mij bodi,
i:vn til ij ſrijk. wið kould, ij smijl ænd sæi
“dis iz no flæt(e)ri: ðe:z ær kuwnselorz

That feelingly perfwade me what I am:
Sweet are the vies of aduersitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venomous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
15 And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookees in the running
brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.
I would not change it.¹

Amien. Happy is your Grace
20 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a life.

* * *

Act II. SCENE v.

Song.

VNDER the greene wood tree,
Who loues to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
Vnto the sweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere shall he see
No enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.
Who doth ambition shunne,
And loues to liue i'th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eates,
And pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere shall he see, &c.

* * *

¹ I would not change it, . . . given to Amiens.

dæt fi:ligli perswæ:d mi hwæt ij æm."
swi:t ær de iusez ov ædversiti,
hwits, lik de to:d, ugli ænd venemus,
we:rz jit æ presiüs dʒiuel in his hed;
ænd dis uwri lijf ekseempt from publik ha:nt
fijndz tuŋz in tri:z, bu:ks in de runiŋ bru:ks,

sermonz in sto:nz ænd gud in ev(e)ri θinj.
ij wu:ld not tʃændʒ it.

æm̥ienz.] hæpi iz iur græs,
dæt kæn trænslæ:t de stubornes ov fortoun
intu so kwijet ænd so swi:t æ stijl.

* * *

ACT II SCENE V

[son.]

under ðe gri:nwud tri:
hwu: luvz tu lij wið mi:,
ænd turn his meri no:t
untu ðe swi:t birdz ðrot,
kum heder, kum heder, kum heder:
he:r sæl hi si:
no enemi:
but winter ænd ruf weder.

hwu: duθ æmbisjøn sun
ænd luvz tu liv id sun,
sikjø ðe fud hi e:ts
ænd ple:zd wid hwæt hi gets,
kum heder, kum heder, kum heder,
he:r sæl hi si:, &c.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE VII.

ALL the world's a stage,

- 140 And all the men and women, merely Players;
 They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,
 And one man in his time playes many parts,
 His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
 Mewling, and puking in the Nurfes armes:
 145 Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
 And shining morning face, creeping like snaile
 Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,
 Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad,
 Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
 150 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
 Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
 Seeking the bubble Reputation
 Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice,
 In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
 155 With eyes feuere, and beard of formall cut,
 Full of wife lawes, and moderne instances,
 And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts
 Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloone,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
 160 His youthfull hose well fau'd, a world too wide,
 For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,
 Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes,
 And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
 That ends this strange euentfull historie,
 165 Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE VII.

a:l de worldz æ stæ:dz,
ænd a:l de men ænd wimen me:rlí plæierz: 140
dæi hæ:v dæir eksits ænd dæir entrænsez;
ænd o:n mæn in hiz tijm plæiz mæni pærts,
hiz ækts bi:(i)ŋ sev, n æ:dzez. æt first de infænt,
meulij ænd piukij in de nursez ærmz.
den—de hwijnj sku:l-boi, wið hiz sætſ,l 145
ænd fijnij mornij fæ:s, kri:pij̄ lik̄ snæil
unwiliŋli tu sku:l. ænd den de luver,
sij̄n̄ lik̄ furnæs, wið æ wo:ful bælæd
mæ:d tu hiz mistres ijbruw. den æ souldier,
ful ov strændz o:θs ænd berded lik̄ de pærd, 150
dzelus in onor, sudæin ænd kwærel,
si:kij̄ de bub,l repiutæ:son
i:vn in de kænonz muwθ. ænd den de dzustis,
in fæir ruwnd beli wið gud kæ:p,n lijnd,
wið ijc seve:r ænd berd ov formæl kut, 155
ful ov wijz sa:z ænd modern instænsez;
ænd so: hi: plæiz hiz pært. de sikst æ:dz sifts
intu de le:n ænd sliperd pæntælu:n,
wið spektæk,lz on no:z ænd puwts on sijd,
hiz jiuθful ho:z, wel sæ:vd, æ world tu: wijd 160
for hiz frujk fæjk; ænd hiz big mænli vois,
turnij̄ ægæin towærd¹ tſijldiſ trebl,l, pijps
ænd hwist,lz in hiz suwnd. læst se:n ov a:l,
dæt ends dis strændz eventful histori,
iz sekond tſijldiſnes ænd me:r obliviōn, 165
sænz ti:θ, sænz ijc, sænz tæ:st, sænz ev(e)ri θiŋ̄.

* * *

¹ Or to:rd.

Song.

- BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so vnkinde,
¹⁷⁵ As mans ingratitude:
 Thy tooth is not so keene,
 Because thou art not feene,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
 Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:
¹⁸⁰ Then¹ heigh ho, the holly,
 This life is most iolly.
 Freize, freize, thou bitter skie
¹⁸⁵ That doft not bight so nigh
 As benefitts forgot:
 Though thou the waters warpe,
 Thy sting is not so sharpe,
 As freind remembred not.
 Heigh ho, sing, &c.

* *

ACT V. SCENE III.

Song.

- IT was a Louer, and his lasse,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o're the greene corne feild did passe,
²⁰ In² spring time, the onely pretty ring³ time,
 When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
 Sweet Louers loue the spring.⁴

¹ The. ² In the. ³ rang. ⁴ *The last stanza
is printed as the second.*

[son.]

blo:, blo:, duw winter wijnd,

duw ært not so unkijnd

175

æz mænz ingrættiud;

dij tu:θ iz not so kijn,

bika:z duw ært not si:n,

a:ldu dij bre(:)θ bi riud.

hæi-ho!: siŋ, hæi-ho!: untu ðe grī:n holi: 180

mo:st frendſip iz fæninj, mo:st luvij me:r foli:

den, hæi-ho:, de holi!

dis lijf iz mo:st džoli.

fri:z, fri:z, duw biter skij,

ðæt dust not bijt so nij

185

æz benefits forgot:

dou duw ðe wæterz wærp,

dij stiŋ iz not so færp

æz frend remembred not.

hæi-ho!: siŋ, &c. 190

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

[son.]

it wæz æ luver ænd hiz læs,

wid æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,

ðæt o:r ðe grī:n kornfi:ld did pæs

in sprij tijm, ðe o:nlí preti rij tijm,

20

hwen birdz du siŋ, hæi dij æ dij, dij:

swi:t luverz luv ðe sprij.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:
 25 These prettie Country folks would lie,
 In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:
 How that a life was but a Flower,
 30 In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 For loue is crowned with the prime,
 In spring time, &c.

FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

160 *Pet.* Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,
 Will you giue thankes, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
 What's this, Mutton?

1. Ser. I.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:
 165 What dogges are thele? Where is the rascal Cooke?
 How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
 And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
 There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
 You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmannerd flauies.
 170 What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

bitwi:n de æ:kerz ov de rij,
wid æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,
de:z preti kuntri fo:ks wu:ld lij,
in sprij tijm, &c.

25

dis kærøl dæi bigæn dæt uwr,
wid æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,
huw dæt æ lijf wæz but æ fluwr
in sprinj tijm, &c.

80

aend de:rfo:r tæk de prezent tijm,
wid æ hæi, aend æ ho:, aend æ hæi nonino:;
for luv iz kruwned wid de prijm
in sprinj tijm, &c.

FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

first servænt.] ij.

ij.

pe:ter.] ij.

petru:kio:] tiz burnt; ænd so: iz a:l ðe met:
hwæt dogz ær ðe:z! hwe:ir iz de ræskæl ku:k? 165
huw durst iu, vilæinz, briy it from de dreser,
ænd serv it dus tu mi: ðæt luv it not?
ðe:r, tæk it tu iu, trentserz, kups, ænd a:l:
iu hi:bles dzoulthedz ænd unmænerd slæ:vz!
hwæt, du iu grumb,l? ijl bi wið iu stræit. 170

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried
away,

And I expressely am forbid to touch it:

175 For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
Since of our felues, our felues are chollericke,
Then feede it with such over-roasted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't shal be mended,
180 And for this night we'l fast for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

Fie, fie, vnknit that threatening¹ vnkinde brow,
And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
140 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,
And in no fence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie
145 Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy loueraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits² his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
150 To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,

¹ threatening. ² maintenance. Commits.

'kæ:t.] ij præi iu, huzbænd, bi not so diskwijet:
de me:t wæz wel, if iu wer so kontended.
petru:kio:] ij tel di:, kæ:t, twæz burnt ænd drijd
æwæi;
ænd ij ekspresli æm forbid tu tutſ it,
for it indzenderz koler, plænteθ ænjer; 175
ænd beter twe:r dæt bo;θ ov us did fæst,
sins, ov uwrsvlz, uwrsvlz ær kolerik,
ðen fi:d it wið suts over-ro:sted fleſ.
bi pæ:sient; tu-morout fæl bi mended,
ænd, for dis nijt, wi:l fæst for kumpæni:
kum, ij wil briŋ di tu dij brijdæl tjsæmber. 180

175

.180

ACT V. SCENE II.

fij, fij! unknit dæt Øre(:)tnij unkijnd bruw,
ænd dært not skornful glænsez from ðo:z iż,
tu wuwnd đij lord, đij kiż, đij guvernør:
it blots đij beutí æz frosts du bijt de me:dz,
konfuwendz đij fæ:m æz hwirlwjndz sæ:k fæir budz, 140
ænd in no: sens iz mi:t or æ:młæb,l.¹
æ wumæn mu:vd iz lijk æ fuwntæin trubled,
mudi, il-si:miŋ, Øik, bireft ov beuti;
ænd hwijl it iz so:, no:n so drij or Øirsti
wil dæin tu sip or tutʃ o:n drop ov it. 145
đij huzbænd iz đij lord, đij lijf, đij ki:per,
đij hed, đij suv(e)ræin; o:n dæt kæ:rz for đi:,
ænd for đij mæintenæns komits biz bodi
tu pæinful læ:bor bo:θ bij se: ænd lænd,
tu wæts de njjt in stormz, de dæi in kould,

145

150

¹ *Or æ:miæbl.*

Whil'st thou ly'it warme at home, secure and safte,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.

155 Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,
Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is foward, peeuiish, sullen, sowre,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
160 And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?

I am alsham'd that women are so simple,
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
When they are bound to serue, loue, and obey.

165 Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you foward and vnable wormes,

170 My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,

175 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he pleafe,
My hand is readie, may it do him eafe.

hwijlst ðuw lijst wærm æt ho:m, sekiur ænd sæ:f;
ænd kræ:vz no uðer trbiut æt dij hændz
but luv, fæir lu:ks ænd triu obe:diens;
tu: lit,l pæiment for so gret æ det.
suts diuti æz de subdȝekt ouz de prins 155
i:vn suts æ wumæn o:θ tu her huzbænd;
ænd hwen si ȝ¹ frowærð, pi:viʃ, sulen, suwr,
ænd not obe:dient tu hiz onest wil,
hwæt iz si but æ fuwl kontendij rebel
ænd græ:sles træitor tu her luvij lord? 160
ij æm æfæ:md dæt wimen ær so simpl
tu ofer wær hwer dæi Ju:ld kni:l for pe:s,
or si:k for riul, siupremæsi ænd swæi,
hwen dæi ær buwnd tu serv, luv ænd obæi.
hwij ær uwr bodiz soft ænd we:k ænd smu:θ, 165
unæpt tu tol ænd trub,l in de world,
but dæt uwr soft kondisjonz ænd uwr hærts
Ju:ld wel ægri: wid uwr eksternæl pærts?
kum, kum, iu frowærð ænd unæ:b,l wurmz!
mij mijnd hæθ bi:n² æz big æz o:n ov iurz, 170
mij hært æz gret, mij re:z,n hæpli mo:r,
tu bændi word for word ænd fruwn for fruwn;
but nuw ij si: uwr lænsez ær but stra:z,
uwr streŋθ æz we:k, uwr we:knes pæst kompær,
dæt si:minj tu bi mo:st hwitʃ wi indi:d le:st æ:r. 175
ðen væil iur stumæks, for it iz no bu:t,
ænd plæ:s iur hændz bilo: iur huzbændz fu:t:
in to:k,n ov hwitʃ diuti, if hi ple:z,
mij hænd iz re(:)di; mæi it du: him e:z.

¹ Or ſi:z.² bin.

FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

IF Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
 Giue me excesse of it: that surfetting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so dye.
 That straine agen, it had a dying fall:
 5 O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
 That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
 Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
 O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,
 10 That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
 Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
 Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
 But falles into abatement, and low price
 Euen in a minute; so full of shaples is fancie,
 15 That it alone, is high fantasticall.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE III.

Clowne sings.

40 O Mistris mine where are you roming?
 O stay and heare, your true loues coming,
 That can sing both high and low.
 Trip no further prettie sweeting:
 Journeys end in louers meeting,
 45 Euery wife mans sonne doth know.

FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

if miuzik bi ðe fu:d ov luv, plæi on;
 giv mi ekses ov it, dæt, surfetij,
 ðe æpetijt mæi sik,n, ænd so: dij.
 dæt stræin ægæin!¹ it hæd æ diji:j fa:l:
 o:, it kæ:m or mij e:r lik ðe swi:t suwnd,
 dæt bre:dz upon æ bæjk ov vijolets,
 ste:lij ænd givij o:odor! inuf; no mor:r:
 tiz not so swi:t nuw æz it wæz bifo:r.
 o: spir(i)t ov luv! huw kwik ænd fres ært duw,
 dæt, notwiøstændij dij kæpæsiti 10
 rese:veθ æz de se:, nout enterz ðe:r,
 ov hwæt væliditi ænd pitʃ soe:r,
 but fa;lz intu æbærtment ænd lo: prijs,
 i:vn in æ miniut: so ful ov sæ:ps iz fænsi
 dæt it ælon iz hij fæntæstikæl. 15

* * *

ACT II. SCENE III.

[kluwn si:jz.]

o: mistres mijn, hwe:r ær iu ro:mi:j? 40
 o:, stæi ænd he:r; iur triu luvz ku(:)mi:j,
 dæt kæn si:j bo:θ hij ænd lo:;
 trip no furder, priti swi:ti:j;
 dzurnæiz end in luverz mi:ti:j
 ev(e)ri wijz mænz sun duθ kno:. 45

¹ Or ægen.

84 FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

What is loue, tis not heereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
50 What's to come, is still vnseure.
In delay there lies no plentie,
Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:
Youths a stiffe will not endure.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Song.

COME away, come away death,
And in fad cypresse let me be laide.
Flye¹ away, flie² away breath,
55 I am flaine by a faire cruell maide:
My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew,
O prepare it.
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

60 Not a flower, not a flower sweete
On my blacke coffin, let there be strowne:³
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poore corpes, where my bones shall bethrowne:
A thousand thousand sighes to saue,
65 Lay me o where
Sad true louer neuer find my graue,
To weepe there.

* * *

¹ Fye. ² fie. ³ strewne.

hwæt iz luv? tiz not he:ræfter;
 prezent mirθ hæθ prezent læfter;
 hwæts tu kum iz stil unsiur:
 in delæi ðer lijz no plenti;
 ðen kum kis mi, swi:t ænd twenti,
 jiuθs æ stuf wil not endiur.¹

50

* * *

ACT II. SCENE IV.

[son.]

kum æwæi, kum æwæi, de(:)θ,
 ænd in sæd sijpres let mi bi læid;
 flij æwæi, flij æwæi, bre(:)θ;
 ij æm slæin bij æ fæir kriuel mæid. 55
 mij fruwrd ov hwijt, stuk a:l wið iu,
 o:, prepær it!
 mij pært ov de(:)θ, no o:n so triu
 did fær it.

not æ fluwr, not æ fluwr swi:t,
 on mij blæk kofin let ðer bi stroun;
 not æ frend, not æ frend gri:t
 mij pu:r korps, hwe:r mij bo:nz sæl bi θroun:
 æ θuwzænd θuwzænd sijz tu sæ:v,
 læi mi, o:, hwe:r 65
 sæd triu luver never² fijnd mij græ:v,
 tu wi:p ðe:r!

* * *

¹ Or indiur. ² neitr.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

*Ol.*How now *Maluolio*?*Mal.* Sweet Lady, ho, ho.*Ol.* Smil'ſt thou?20 I ſent for thee vpon a ſad occation.¹*Mal.* Sad Lady, I could be ſad: This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood: This croſſe-gartering, but what of that?² If it pleafe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is:

25 Please one, and please all.

*Ol.*³ Why how doeft thou man?⁴ What is the matter with thee?*Mal.* Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Com-
maunds ſhall be executed. I thinke we doe know the ſweet Romane hand.*Ol.* Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?*Mal.* To bed? I ſweet heart, and Ile come to thee.35 *Ol.* God comfort thee: Why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiffe thy hand ſo oft?*Mar.* How do you *Maluolio*?*Maluo.* At your request:⁴ Yes, Nightingales anſwere Dawes.40 *Mar.* Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldneſſe before my Lady.*Mal.* Be not afraid of greatneſſe: 'twas well writ.

¹ *Ll.* 19, 20 printed as one line. ² *Ll.* 21 to 24
 (. . . that?) printed as three lines ending ſad: — blood:
 —that? ³ *Mal.* ⁴ Line ends here.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Ol. What meanst thou by that *Maluolio*?

45 *Mal.* Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheeve greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou?

50 *Mal.* And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon
them.

Ol. Heauen restore thee.

55 *Mal.* Remember who commended thy yellow
stockings.

Ol. Thy yellow stockings?

60 *Mal.* And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st
to be so.

Ol. Am I made?

65 *Mal.* If not, let¹ me see thee a seruant still.

Ol. Why this is verie Midsummer madnesse.

FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Her. TAKE the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

6 *Mam.* You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I loue you better.

¹ 1er.

olivīæ.] hwæt me:nst duw bij dæt, mælvo:lío: ?
 mælvo:lío:] "sum ær born gre:t,"— 45
 olivīæ.] hæ?
 mælvo:lío:] "sum ætʃi(:)v gre:tnes,"—
 olivīæ.] hwæt sæist duw ?
 mælvo:lío:] "ænd sum hæv gre:tnes θrust
 upon dem." 50
 olivīæ.] he(:)vn resto:r di:!
 mælvo:lío:] "remember hwu: komended dij
 jelo: stokijz,—
 olivīæ.] dij jelo: stokijz !
 mælvo:lío:] "ænd wiſt tu si: di kros-gærterd." 55
 olivīæ.] kros-gærterd !
 mælvo:lío:] "go: tu:, duw ært mæ:d, if duw
 dezijrst tu bi: so:;”—
 olivīæ.] æm ij mæ:d ?
 mælvo:lío:] "if not, let mi si: di æ servænt stil." 60
 olivīæ.] hwij, dis iz veri midsumer mædnes.

FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

hermijone:] tæk de boi tu: iu: hi: so trub,lz mi:,
 tiz pæst indiuriy.
 læ:di.] kum, mij græ:sius lord,
 sæl ij bi iur plæi-felo: ?
 mæmilius.] no:, ijl no:n ov iu.
 læ:di.] hwij, mij swi:t lord ?
 mæmilius.] iul kis mi hærd ænd spe:k tu mi æz if
 ij wer æ bæ:bi stil. ij luv iu beter.

2. *Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because

Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
10 Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray
now,

What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a
Ladies Nose

15 That ha's beeene blew, but not her eye-browes.

Her Come Sir, now

I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

25 *Mam.* A sad Tale's best for Winter: I haue one
Of Sprights, and Goblins.¹

Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull
at it.

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come sit downe: then on.

¹ L. 25 ends with Winter, l. 26 with Goblins.

sekond læ:di.] ænd hwij so:, mij lord?

mæmiljus.] not for bika:z

iur bruwz ær blæker; jit blæk bruwz, dæi sæi,
bikum sum wimen best, so dæt der bi; not
tu: mutʃ hæir ðe:r, but in æ semisirk,l, 10
or æ ha:f-mu:n mæ:d wið æ pen.

sekond læ:di.] hwu: ta:t dis?

mæmiljus.] ij lernd it uwt ov wimenz fæ:sez.
præi nuw

hwæt kuler ær iur ij-bruwz?

læ:di.] bliu, mij lord.

mæmiljus.] næi, dæts æ mok: ijv si:n æ læ:dz
no:z

dæt hæz bi:n bliu, but not her ij-bruwz. 15

hermijone:] kum, sir, nuw
ij æm for iu ægæin: præi iu, sit bij us,
ænd tels æ tæ:l.

mæmiljus.] meri or sæd fælt bi:?

hermijone:] æz meri æz iu wil.

mæmiljus.] æ sæd tæ:lz best for winter: ij hæ:v o:n 25
ov sprijts ænd goblinz.

hermijone:] lets hæ:v dæt, gud sir.
kum on, sit duwn: kum on, ænd du: iur best
tu frijt mi wið iur sprijts; iur puwrful æt it.

mæmiljus.] der wæz æ mæn—

hermijone:] næi, kum, sit duwn; ðen on.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Song.

185
ILOG-ON, Iog-on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the Stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tyres in a Mile-a.

FROM KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A FOOT of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worse.
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,
185 Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis too respectiue, and too sociable
For your conuersion, now your traueller,
190 Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,
And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,
Why then I lucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare sir,

¹ Come . . . eare *printed as one line.*

mæmilius.] dwelt bij æ tʃurtʃjerd: ij wil tel it^{so}
softli;
jond krikets sæl not he:r it.
hermijone:] kum on, den,
ænd givt mi in mijn e:r.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

dzog on, dzog on, ðe fu:t-pæθ wæi,
ænd merili hent ðe stijl-æ:
æ meri hært go:z al de dæi,
iur sæd tijrz in æ mijl-æ.

185

FROM KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

æ fu:t ov onor beter ðen ij wæz;
but mæn̄i æ mæni fu:t ov lænd ðe wurs.
wel, nuw kæn ij mæ:k æni dzo:n æ læ:di.
“gud den, sir ritſærd!”—“god-æ-mersi, felo!”— 185
ænd if hiz næ:m bi dzordz, ijl ka:l him peiter;
for niu-mæ:d onor duθ forget menz næ:mz;
tiz tu: respektiv ænd tu: so:sia:b,]¹
for iur konversiøn. nuw iur træveler,
hiz ænd hiz tu:θpik æt mij wurſips mes, 190
ænd hwen mij knijtli stumæk iz sufijzd,
hwij ðen ij suk mij ti:θ ænd kætekijz
mij piked mæn ov kuntriz: “mij de:r sir,”

¹ Or so:sia:bł.

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
 195 I shall beseech you; that is question now,
 And then comes answer like an Absey booke:
 O sir, layes anwer, at your best command,
 At your employmēt, at your seruice sir:
 No sir, saies question, I sweet sir at yours,
 200 And so ere answer knowes what question would,
 Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,
 And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
 The Perennean and the riuer *Poe*,
 It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE VII.

THIS England neuer did, nor neuer shall
 Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
 But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
 115 Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
 Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
 And we shall shooke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
 If England to it selfe, do reft but true.

FROM KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

40 THIS royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,
 This earth of Maiesty, this seate of Mars,
 This other Eden, demy paradise,
 This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
 Against infection, and the hand of warre:

ðus, le:nij on mijn elbo:, ij bigin,
 “ij sæl .bisi:tʃ iu”—ðæt iz kwestion nuw;
 ænd ðen kumz ænswer lijk æn æbsi bu:k:
 “o: sir,” sæz ænswer, “æt iur best komænd;
 æt iur emploiment; æt iur servis, sir:”
 “no:, sir,” sæz kwestion, “ij, swi:t sir, æt iurz:”
 ænd so:, er ænswer knouz hwæt kwestion wu:ld, 200
 sæ:vij in dijælog ov kompliment,
 ænd ta:kiŋ ov de ælps ænd æpenijnz,
 de pirene:æn ænd de river po:,
 it dra:z tor:rd super in konklu:zion so:.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE VII.

dis injlænd never did, nor never sæl,
 lij æt de pruwd fu:t ov æ kojkeror,
 but hwen it first did help tu wuwnd itself.
 nuw de:z her prinsez ær kum ho:m ægæin, 115
 kum de θri: kornerz ov de world in ærmz,
 ænd wi: sæl sok dem. na:t sæl mæ:k us riu,
 if injlænd tu itself du rest but triu.

FROM KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

dis roiæl θro:n ov kinz, dis septred ijł,
 dis e(:)rθ ov mædžesti, dis se:t ov mærz,
 dis uðer e:d,n, demi-pærædijs,
 dis fortres bilt bij næ:tiur for herself
 ægæinst¹ infeksjón ænd ðe hænd ov vær,

40

¹ *Or ægenst.*

45 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stome, set in the siluer sea,
 Which serues it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a Moate defensiuе to a houle,
 Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,
 50 This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,

 This Land of such deere-soules, this deere-deere Land,
 Deere for her reputation through the world,
 Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
 60 Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
 England bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beates backe the eniuious fiedge
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
 65 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.
 Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death?

FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Prince. WHAT'S the matter?

175 *Falst.* What's the matter? here be foure of
 vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Jack?* where is it?

180 *Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a
 hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV. 97

dis hæpi bri:d ov men, dis lit,l world,
dis presiūs sto:n set in ðe silver se;,
hwitſ servz it in ðe ofis ov æ wa:l
or æz æ mo:t defensiv tu æ huws,
ægæinst ðe envi ov les hæpier lændz,
dis blesed plot, dis e(:)rθ, dis ri:lm, dis inlænd, 50
•
dis lænd ov sutsj de:r soulz, dis de:r de:r lænd,
de:r for her repiutæ:sion θru: de world,
iz nuw leist uwt, ij dij prouwnsij it,
lijk tu æ tenement or peltig færm:
inlænd, buwnd in wið ðe trijumfænt se;, 60
hwu:z roki fo:r be:ts bæk ðe envius si:dz
ov wæt(e)ri neptiun, (i)z nuw buwnd in wið sæ:m,
wið iŋki blots ænd rot,n pærtſment bondz:
ðæt inlænd, ðæt wæz wunt tu koŋker uðerz,
hæθ mæd æ sæ:mful konkwæst ov itself.
æh, wu:ld ðe skændæl vænij wið mij lijf,
huw hæpi ðen wer mij insiuin de(:)θ ! 65

FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

prins.] hwæts ðe mæter?
fa;lstaef.] hwæts de mæter! he:r bi four ov 175
us hæv tæ:n æ θuwzænd puwnd dis morninj.
prins.] hwer iz it, dzæk? hwe:r iz it?
fa;lstaef.] hwe:r iz it! tæ:k,n from us it iz: æ 180
hundred upon pur four ov us.
prins.] hwæt, æ hundred, mæn?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword
 with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue
 185 scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through
 the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler
 cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a
 Hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since
 I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all
 190 Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or
 lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes
 of darknesse.

Prince. Speake sirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure set upon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

195 *Gad.* And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, euery
 man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.
 200 *Gad.* As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen
 fresh men set vpon vs.

Falst. And vnbound the rest, and then come
 in the other.

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

205 *Falst.* All? I know not what yee call all:
 but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a
 bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three
 and fiftie vpon poore olde *Jack*, then am I no two-
 legg'd Creature.

*Prin.*¹ Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered
 210 some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for, I haue
 pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed,

¹ *Poin.*

fa:lstæf.] ij æm æ ro:g, if ij wer not æt ha:f-sword¹ wið æ duz,n ov ðem tu: uwrz tuqeder. ij hæv skæ:pt bij miræk,l. ij æm æit tijmz θrust θru: de 185 dublet, four θru: de ho:z; mij bukler kut θru: ænd θru:; mij swo(:)rd¹ hækt likj æhænd-sa:—ekse signum! ij never delt beter sins ij wæz æ mæn: a:l wu:ld not du:. æ plæ:g ov a:l kuwærdz! let dem spe:k: 190 if dæi spe:k mor or les ðen triuθ, dæi ær vilæinz ænd de sunz ov dærknes.

prins.] spe:k, sirz; huw wæz it?

gædzhil.] wi: four set upon sum duz,n—

fa:lstæf.] siksti:n æt le:st mij lord.

gædzhil.] ænd buwnd ðem. 195

pe:to:.] no:, no:, dæi wer not buwnd.

fa:lstæf.] iu ro:g, dæi we:r buwnd, ev(e)ri mæn ov ðem; or ij æm æ džiu els, æn e:briu džiu.

gædzhil.] æz wi wer fæ:rij, sum siks or seven 200 fres men set upon us—

fa:lstæf.] ænd unbuwnd de rest, ænd ðen kum in ðe uðer.

prins.] hwæt, fout ji wið ðem a:l?

fa:lstæf.] a:l! ij kno: not hwæt ji ka:l a:l; 205 but if ij fout not wið fifti ov ðem, ij æm æ buntf ov rædis: if der wer not tu: or θri: ænd fifti upon pu:r ould džæk, ðen æm ij no tu:-legd kre:tiur.

prins.] præi he(:)vn iu hæv not murder(e)d 210 sum ov ðem.

fa:lstæf.] næi, dæts pæst præi for: ij hæv peperd tu: ov ðem; tu: ij æm siur ij hæv pæid,

¹ Or swu(:)rd.

two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what,
 215 *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me
 Horse: thou knowest my olde ward:¹ here I lay,
 and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buck-
 rom let driue at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou sayd'st but two,
 euen now.

220 *Falst.* Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainely
 thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all
 their feuen points in my Targuet, thus.

225 *Prince.* Seuen? why there were but foure,
 euen now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

230 *Falst.* Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine
 else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, whe shall haue
 more anon.

Falst. Doeſt thou heare me, *Hal*?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Jack*.

235 *Falst.* Doe ſo, for it is worth the liſtning
 too: theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more alreadie.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hoſe.

240 *Falst.* Began to giue me ground; but I followed
 me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought,
 feuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen Buckrom men
 245 growne out of two?

¹ word.

tu: ro:gz in bukrom siuts. ij tel di hwæt, hæl, if ij
tel di æ lij, spit in mij fæ:s, ka:l mi hors. duw²¹⁵
knouest mij ould wærd: hei:r ij læi, ænd dus ij
bo:r mij point. four ro:gz in bukrom let drijv
set mi:—

prins.] hwæt, four? duw sæidst but tu: i:v,n
nuw.

fa:lstæf.] four, hæl; ij tould di four.

220

poinz.] ij, ij, hi sæid four.

fa:lstæf.] ðe:z four kæ:m a:l æ-frunt, ænd
mænli ðrust æt mi:. ij mæ:d no mo:r ædu: but
tu:k a:l dæir sev,n points in mij tærget, dus.

prins.] sev,n? hwij, ðer wer but four i:v,n²²⁵
nuw.

fa:lstæf.] in bukrom?

poinz.] ij, four, in bukrom siuts.

fa:lstæf.] sev,n, bij ðe:z hilts, or ij æm æ²³⁰
vilæin els.

prins.] pridi:, let him ælo:n; wi sæl hæ:v mo:r
ænon.

fa:lstæf.] dust duw hei:r mi, hæl?

prins.] ij, ænd mærk di tu:, dʒæk.

fa:lstæf.] du: so, for it iz wurð de listniŋ tu:.²³⁵
ðe:z nijn in bukrom dæt ij tould di ov—

prins.] so:, tu: mo:r a:lre(:)di.

fa:lstæf.] dæir points bi:iŋ bro:k,n—

poinz.] down fel (h)iz ho:z.

fa:lstæf.] bigæn tu giv mi gruwnd: but ij²⁴⁰
foloud mi klo:s, kæ:m in furt ænd hænd; ænd wið
æθout sev,n ov de elev,n ij pæid.

prins.] o: monstrus! elev,n bukrom men groun
uwt ov tu:!

245

Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three
mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at
my Back, and let driue at me; for it was so darke,
Hal, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •
Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these
men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke,
thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs
your reason: what lay'st thou to this?

260 *Poin.* Come, your reason *Jack,* your reason.

Falst. What, vpon compulsion? No: were
I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World,
I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a
reasoun on compulsion? If Reasouns were as plentie
265 as Black-berryes, I would giue no man a Reason
upon compulsion, I.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE IV.

FARE thee well¹ great heart:
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,
90 A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vileft Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliu so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,
95 I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing thele fayre Rites of Tenderneſſe.

¹ Farewell *F*, Fare thee well *Q.*

fa:lstæf.] but, æz de di:v,l wu:ld hæ:v it, θri:
misbigot,n knæ:vz in kendæl gri:n kæ:m æt mij
bæk ænd let drijv æt mi; for it wæz so dærk, hæl,
dæt duw ku:ldst not si: dij hænd.

prins.] hwij, huw ku:ldst duw kno: ðe:z men
in kendæl gri:n, hwen it wæz so dærk duw ku:ldst
not si: dij hænd? kum, tel us iur re:z,n: hwæt sæist
duw tu dis?

poinz.] kum, iur re:z,n, dzæk, iur re:z,n. 260
fa:lstæf.] hwæt, upon kompulsion? no:: wer
ij æt ðe stræpæ:do, or a:l ðe ræks in ðe world,
ij wu:ld not tel iu on kompulsion. giv iu æ re:z,n
on kompulsion! if re:z,nz wer æz plenti æz blæk-
beriz, ij wu:ld giv no: mæn æ re:z,n upon kom-²⁶⁵
pulsion, ij.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE IV.

fær di wel, gre:t hært!
il-we:vd æmbisjon, huw mutʃ ært duw fruŋk!
hwen dæt dis bodi did kontæin æ spirit,
æ kiŋdum for it wæz tu: sma:l æ buwnd; 90
but nuw tu: pæ:sez ov de vijlest e(:)rθ
iz ru:m inuf: dis e(:)rθ dæt be:rz ðe ded
be:rz not ælijv so stuwt æ dʒent,lmæn.
if duw wert sensib,l ov kurtesi
ij fu:ld not mæ:k sō gre:t æ fo: ov ze:l:
but, let mij fæ:vorz hijd dij mæŋgled fæ:s;
ænd, i:vn in dij biha:f, ijl θæŋk mijself
for du:iŋ ðe:z fær rijts ov tendernes. 95

Adieu, and take thy praife with thee to heauen,
 100 Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
 But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT III. SCENE I.

How many thousand of my pooreſt Subiects
 5 Are at this howre aſleepe? O ſleepe, O gentle ſleepe,
 Natures ſoft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
 And ſteepe my ſences in Forgetfulneſſe?
 Why rather (ſleepe) lyeft thou in ſmoakie Cribs,
 10 Vpon vneafie Pallads ſtreſhing thee,
 And huift with buſſing Night-flyes¹ to thy flumber,
 Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
 Vnder the Canopies of costly State,
 And lull'd with ſounds of sweeteſt Melodie?
 15 O thou dull God, why lyeft thou with the vilde,
 In loathſome Beds, and leau'ſt the Kingly Couch,
 A Watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell?
 Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maſt,
 Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
 20 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
 And in the viſitation of the Windes,
 Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
 Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaff'ning Clamors in the ſlipp'ry Clouds,
 25 That with the hurley, Death it ſelfe awakes?

¹ Night, flyes.

ædiu, ænd tæ:k dij præiz wið di tu he(:)v,n!
 dij ignomi sli:p wið di in de græ:v,
 but not remembred in dij epitæf! 100

FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT III. SCENE I.

huw mæni θuwzænd ov mij pu:rest subdʒekts
 ær æt dis uwru:slip! o: sli:p, o: dgent,l sli:p,
 næ:tiurz soft nurs, huw hæv ij frijted di:
 dæt duw no mor:wilt wæi mij ijlidz duwn
 ænd sti:p mij sensez in forgetfulnes?
 hwij ræder, sli:p, lijst duw in smo:ki kribz,
 upon une:zi pælædz stretſij di:
 ænd hwijſt¹ wið buzij nijt-flijz tu dij slumber,
 den in de perfiumd tʃæmberz ov de gre:t,
 under de kænopiz ov kostli stæ:t,
 ænd luld wið suwndz ov swi:test melodi?
 o: duw dul god, hwij lijst duw wið de vijld
 in lo:θsum bedz, ænd le:vt de kinli kuwtſ
 æ wætſ-kæ:s or æ komon lærum-bel?
 wilt duw upon de hij ænd qidi mæst
 se:l up de ſip-boiz ijz, ænd rok hisz bræinz
 in kræ:d,l ov de riud impe:rjus surdž
 ænd in de vizitæ:ſion ov de wijndz,
 hwu: tæ:k de rufiæn bilouz bij de top,
 kurlij dæir monstrus hedz ænd hængij dem
 wið defnij klæmorz in de ſlipri kluwdz,
 dæt, wið de hurli, de(:)θ itſelf æwæ:ks? 25

¹ Or huſt.

Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:
And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt Night,
With all appliancēs, and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
Vneafie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

WILL Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?
105 Shee eyther gives a Stomack, and no Foode,
(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,
And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,
That haue abundance, and enjoy it not.)

FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV.¹

Kath. Alice, tu as esté² en Angleterre, et tu bien parlas le Language.

Alice. Un^s peu Madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'ensigniez, il faut que
je apprenne⁴ a parler:⁵ Coment⁶ appelez⁷ vous
la⁸ main en Anglois?

Alice. La ⁹ main, elle ¹⁰ est ¹¹ appellee ⁷ de Hand.

¹ In order to serve as a basis for a "received" pronunciation, the text has been altered also in places where the F readings may be original (cf. le for la and les, apprend for apprenne, &c.). The Q texts differ so much that they have been disregarded. A few commas, &c. have been omitted or supplied. ² este. ³ En.
⁴ apprend. ⁵ parlen. ⁶ Comient. ⁷ appelle. ⁸ le.
⁹ L.e. ¹⁰ il. ¹¹ &.

kænſt duw, o: pærſæl sli:p, giv dij repo:z
 tu de wet se;boi in æn uwr so riud,
 ænd in de ka;mest ænd mo:st stileſt nijt,
 wið a:l æplijænſez ænd me:nz tu bu:t,
 denij it tu æ kin? den hæpi lo:, lij duwn!
 une:zi lijz de hed dæt we:rz æ kruwyn.

80

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

wil fortiou never kum wið bo:θ hændz ful,
 but wrijt her fæir wordz stil in fuwleſt leterz?
 ſi e:der qivz æ ſtumæk ænd no fu:d;
 ſutſ ær de pu:r, in helθ; or els æ fe:ſt
 ænd tæ:ks æwæi de ſtumæk; ſutſ ær de ritſ,
 dæt hæv æbundæns ænd indžoi it not.

105

FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV.¹

kæθerin.] alisø, ty a(z) ete ã:n ã:glæter:ø, e ty
 bjí: parla lø läga:zø.
 ælis.] ÿ: pe, madame.
 kæθerin.] zø tø pri:e mā:ſeje:; il fo: kø zapren
 a parle:. kū:mā:(t) apøle:vø: la měi: ã:n ã:glöe:?

5

ælis.] la měi:? el e:t apøle: "de hænd."²

¹ In our F. transcription, which can be only tentative, e, o, and e, œ, stand for the close and open sounds respectively, whilst no distinction between different shades of "a" (a) and "eu" (ø) sounds has been attempted. i and y (= "u") are always close. ø is the indistinct "e féminin," ü, non-syllabic y. Nasal vowels are denoted by ɪ, &c. Vowel-length is more or less doubtful. The only new consonant is p, i. e. the palatal nasal sound = "gn." ² Or, after the F. manner, dæ hæ:(n)d.

Kath. De Hand. E les¹ doyts?²

*Alice.*³ Les⁴ doyts, ma foy Ie oublie, les
10 doyts,⁵ mays ie me souien(d)ray,⁶ les¹ doyts, ie
pense qu'ils sont⁷ appellés⁸ de fingres, oui,⁹ de
fingres.

*Kath.*¹⁰ La⁴ main de Hand, les¹ doyts de¹
Fingres, ie pense que ie suis le bon escholier.
15 I'ay gaynié¹¹ deux¹² mots d'Anglois vistement,
coment appellez⁸ vous les¹ ongles?

Alice. Les⁴ ongles, nous¹³ les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles, escoute: dites moy, si ie
parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

20 *Alice.* C'est bien dict Madame, il est¹⁴ fort
bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. E le¹⁵ coude?¹⁶

25 *Alice.* D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Ie m'en¹⁷ fay la¹ repetition¹⁸
de tous les mots que vous m'avés¹⁹ apprins des a
present.

Alice. Il est¹⁴ trop difficile Madame, comme
so ie pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice, escoute, d'Hand, de
Fingres,²⁰ de Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie m'en¹⁷ oublie, d'Elbow,
coment appellez⁸ vous le col?

¹ le. ² E le doyts given to Alice. ³ Kat. ⁴ Le.
⁵ e doyt. ⁶ souemeray. ⁷ ont. ⁸ appelle. ⁹ on.
¹⁰ Alice. ¹¹ gaynie. ¹² diux. ¹³ nous om. ¹⁴ &. ¹⁵ de.
¹⁶ coudee. ¹⁷ men. ¹⁸ reptitio. ¹⁹ maves. ²⁰ Fingre.

kæθerin.] "de hænd." e le: dœ:?

ælis.] le: dœ:? ma fœ, zubli:ə le: dœ:; mœ: zœ 10
mœ suvji:(d)re. le: dœ:? zœ pā:sə kil sū:t apəle: "de
fingerz;" wi, "de fingerz."¹

kæθerin.] la mœ:, "de hænd;" le: dœ:, "de
fingerz;" zœ pā:sə kœ zœ svi lœ bū:n ekɔlje:; ze
gajne dœ: mo: dā:glœ: vitəmã:. kū:mã:(t) apəle:vū: 15
lez ū:gla?

ælis.] lez ū:gla? nu: lez apəlu: "de næilz."²

kæθerin.] "de næilz." eku:tə; ditə-mœ si ze
parlə bj̄i:: "de hænd," "de fingerz," e "de næilz."

ælis.] se: bj̄i: di, madamə; il e: fɔ:r bū:n 20
ā:glœ:.

kæθerin.] ditə-mœ lā:glœ: pu:r lœ bra:.

ælis.] "de ærm,"³ madamə.

kæθerin.] e lœ ku:də?

ælis.] "delbo:"⁴ 25

kæθerin.] "delbo:" zœ mā: fe: la repetisjū:
dœ tu: le: mo: kœ vu: mave:(z) aprī:⁵ de:z a
prezā:.

ælis.] il e: trɔ(p) difisilə, madamə, kū:mə zœ
pā:sə. 30

kæθerin.] eksky:zə-mœ, alisə; ekutə: "dænd,"
"de fingerz," "de næilz," "dærmae,"⁶ "de bilbo:"

ælis.] "delbo;" madamə.

kæθerin.] o: sepe:r dje, zœ mā:n ubli:ə! "delbo;"
kū:mā:(t) apəle:vū: lœ kœ?⁷

¹ Or f̄(n)græz (cf. p. 107, note 2).

² ne:lz (cf. ib.).

³ arm.

⁴ delbo.

⁵ aprī:

(if we read "appris").

⁶ darmə.

⁷ ku:.

- 85 *Alice.* De Neck,¹ Madame.
Kath. De Nick, e le menton?
Alice. De Chin.
Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton
 40 de Sin.
Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verité²
 vous pronounciés³ les mots ausi droict, que les⁴
 Nativs d'Angleterre.
-

FROM KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

- NOW is the Winter of our Discontent,
 Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
 And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our houfe
 In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
 5 Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
 Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;
 Our Iterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
 Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
 Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled
 Front:
 10 And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
 To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduersaries,
 He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
 To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes,
 15 Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
 I, that am Rudely stamp't, and want loues Maiesty,

¹ Nick.² verite.³ pronouncies.⁴ le.

- ælis.] "de nek," madamæ. 35
 kæθerin.] "de nik." e lə mā:tū:?
 ælis.] "de tʃin."
 kæθerin.] "de sin." lə kəl, "de nik;" lə mā:tū:;
 "de sin." 40
 elis.] wi. so:f votr ū:nə:r, ă: verite, vu:
 prɔnū:sje: le: mo:(z) o:si drœ kə le: natif dă:gləter:ə.
-

FROM KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

nuw iz de winter ov uwr diskontent
 mæ:d glo:r̄us sumer bij dis sun ov jork;
 ænd a:l de kluwdz dæt luwrd upon uwr huws
 in de di:p bu:zom ov de o:sien berid.
 nuw ær uwr bruwz bwnd wi:d vikto:r̄us wre:dz; 5
 uwr briuzed ærmz hu:j up for moniuments;
 uwr stern ælærumz tʃændz tu meri mi:tijz
 uwr dredful mærtsez tu delijtful me(:)ziurz.
 grim-vizædzd wær hæθ smu:dd his wrinkled frunt;

ænd nuw, insted ov muwntij bærbed sti:dz 10
 tu frijt de soulz ov fe:rful ædversæriz,
 hi kæ:perz nimбли in æ læ:dz tʃæmber
 tu de læsivius ple:zij ov æ liut.
 but ij, dæt æm not fæ:pt for sportiv triks,
 nor mæ:d tu ku:rt æn æm(o)rus lu:kinj-glæs; 15
 ij, dæt æm riudli stæmpt, ænd wænt luvz mædz(e)sti

To strut before a wanton¹ ambling Nymph:
 I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
 Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
 20 Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing World, scarle halfe made vp,
 And that so lamely and vnfashionable;
 That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them:
 Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
 25 Haue no delight to passe away the time,
 Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
 And delcant on mine owne Deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,
 To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
 30 I am determined to proue a Villaine,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

THE tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
 The most arch deed of pittious massacre
 That euer yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, who I did suborne
 5 To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
 Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
 Melted with tendernes, and milde compassion,
 Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
 O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
 10 Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another
 Within their Alabaster innocent Armes:
 Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
 And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.

¹ wonton.

tu strut befor æ wænton æmblij nimf;
 ij, dæt æm kurtæild ov dis fær proporsion,
 tse:ted ov fe:tiur bij disemblij næ:tiur,
 deformd, unfinist, sent befor mij tijm 20
 intu dis bre:diŋ world, skærs ha:f mæ:d up,
 ænd dæt so: læ:mli ænd unfæſtonæb,l
 dæt dogz bæk æt mi: æz ij ha:lt bij dem;
 hwij, ij, in dis we:k pijpiŋ tijm ov pe:s,
 hæv no: delijt tu pæs æwæi de tijm, 25
 unles tu si: mij sædo: in de sun
 ænd deskænt on mijna oun deformiti:
 ænd de:rfo:r, sins ij kænot pru:v æ luver,
 tu entertæin de:z fær wel-spo:k,n dæiz,
 ij æm determined tu pru:v æ vilæin 30
 ænd hæ:t de ijd,l ple(:)ziurz ov de:z dæiz.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

de tirænus ænd bludi ækt iz dun,
 de mo:st ærtʃ di:d ov pitius mæsæker
 dæt ever jit dis lænd wæz gilti ov.
 dijton ænd forest, hwu: ij did suborn
 tu du: dis pi:s ov riuθful butseri, 5
 a:lb:i:(i)t dæi wer fleſt vilæinz, bludi dogz,
 melted wið tendernes ænd kijnd kompæſion
 wept lijk tu: tſildren in dæir de(:)os sæd storri.
 “o: dus,” kwoθ dijton, “læi de dzent,l bæ:bz:”
 “dus, dus,” kwoθ forest, “girdlinj o:n ænuder 10
 wiðin dæir ælæblaſter inosent ærmz:
 dæir lips wer four red ro:zez on æ sta:k,
 ænd in dæir sumer beuti kist e:tf uder.

A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
 15 Which once¹(quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my minde:
 But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt:
 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
 The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,
 That from the prime Creation ere she framed.
 20 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,
 To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Cat. RESCUE my Lord of Norfolke, Rescue,
 Rescue:²

The King enacts more wonders then a man,
 Daring an opposite to euery danger:
 His horfe is flaine, and all on foot he fights,
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
 Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Rich. A Horfe, a Horfe, my Kingdome for
 a Horfe.

Cates. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to
 a Horfe.

Rich. Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,
 10 And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
 I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
 Five haue I flaine to day, in stead of him.
 A Horfe, a Horfe, my Kingdome for a Horfe.

¹ one *F*, once *Q*.

² Rescue, Rescue: *a separate line.*

æ bu:k ov præ,rz on ðær pilo: læi;
 hwitſ o:ns,” kwoθ forest, “a:lmo:st tʃændʒd mij mijnd; 15
 but o!: de di:vil”—de:r de vilæin stopt;
 hwen dijton ðus tould on: “wi smuderd
 de mo:st replenisfed swi:t wurk ov næ:tiur,
 dæt from de prijm kreæ:sion e:r si fræ:md.”
 hens bo:θ ær go:n wið konsiens ænd remors; 20
 ðæi ku:ld not spe:k; ænd so: ij left ðem bo:θ,
 tu be:r dis tijdinjz tu ðe bludi kinj.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE IV.

kæ:tsbi.] reskiu, mij lord ov norfouk, reskiu,
 reskiu!

ðe kinj enækts mo:r wunderz ðen æ mæn,
 dæ:rij æn opozit tu ev(e)ri dændzer:
 his hors iz slæin, ænd a:l on fuit hi fijts,
 si:kinj for ritſmond in de ðro:t ov de(:)θ. 5
 reskiu, fæir lord, or els ðe ðæi iz lost!

ritſærd.] æ hors! æ hors! mij kinjdum for æ
 hors!

kæ:tsbi.] wiθdra:, mij lord! ijl help iu tu æ
 hors.

ritſærd.] slæ:v, ij hæv set mij lijf upon æ kæst,
 ænd ij wil stænd de hæzærd ov ðe dij: 10
 ij θiŋk ðer bi siks ritſmondz in de fi:ld;
 fijv hæv ij slæin tu-dæi insted ov him.
 æ hors! æ hors! mij kinjdum for æ hors!

FROM KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III. SCENE II.

FAREWELL!¹ A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
 This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth
 The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
 And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:
 255 The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
 And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely
 His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
 And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd
 Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
 300 This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
 But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
 At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
 Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy
 Of a rude stremme, that must for euer hide me.
 355 Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
 I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
 Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauors?
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
 That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,
 400 More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
 And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
 Neuer to hope againe.

¹ Farewell?.

FROM KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III. SCENE II.

færwel! æ loj færwel, tu a:l mij gre:tnes!
 dis iz de stæ:t ov mæn : tu-dæi hi puts furθ
 de tender le:vz ov ho:ps; tu-moro: blosomz,
 ænd be:rz his blusinj onorz θik upon him;
 de θird dæi kumz æ frost, æ kiliŋ frost, 855
 ænd hwen hi θinkz, gud e:zi mæn, ful siurli
 his gre:tnes iz æ-rijpnij, nips his ru:t,
 ænd den hi fa:lz, æz ij du:. ij hæv ventiurd,¹
 lijk lit,l wænton boiz dæt swim on blæderz,
 dis mæni sumerz in æ se: ov glo:ri, 860
 but fær bi:jond mij depθ: mij hij-bloun prijd
 æt lenθ bro:k under mi: ænd nuw hæz left mi:
 we:ri ænd ould wið servis, tu de mersi
 ov æ riud stre:m, dæt must for ever hijd mi:.
 væin pomp ænd glo:ri ov dis world, ij hæ:t ji: : 865
 ij fi:l mij hært niu o:p,nd. o: huw wretsed
 iz dæt pu:r mæn dæt hæyz on prinsez fæ:vorz!
 der iz, bitwikst dæt smijl wi wu:ld æspijr tu:,
 dæt swit æspekt ov prinsez, ænd dæir riuin,
 mo:r pænz ænd feirz den wærz or wimen hæ:v: 870
 ænd hwen hi fa:lz, hi fa:lz lijk liusifer,
 never tu ho:p ægæin.

¹ Or venterd.

FROM CORIOLANUS.

ACT V. SCENE III.

NAY, go not from vs thus:

If it were so, that our request did tend
 To sauue the Romanes, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you ferue, you might condemne vs
 185 As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite
 Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
 May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,
 This we receiu'd, and each in either side
 Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
 140 For making vp this peace. Thou know'ft (great
 Sonne)
 The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
 That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reapre, is such a name
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
 145 Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
 But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
 Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
 To th'insuing Age, abhorrd. Speake to me Son:
 Thou hast affected the fine¹ straines of Honor,
 150 To imitate the graces of the Gods.
 To teare with Thunder the wide Cheeke a'th'Ayre,
 And yet to charge² thy Sulphure with a Boult
 That shoulde but rive an Oake. Why do'it not speake?
 Think'it thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
 155 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
 He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,

¹ fiew. ² change.

FROM CORIOLANUS.

ACT V. SCENE III.

næi, go: not from us dus.

if it we:r so: dæt uwr rekwest did tend
 tu sæ:v de ro:mænz, ðe:rbij tu destroi
 de volse:z hwu:m iu serv, iu mijt kondem us,
 æz poiznus ov iur onor: no:; uwr siut 185
 iz, dæt iu rekonsijl dem: hwijl de volse:z
 mæi sæi "dis mersi wi hæv soud;" de ro:mænz,
 "dis wi rese:vd;" ænd e:ts in e:ðer sijd
 giv de a:l-hæil tu di:, ænd krij "bi: blest
 for mæ:kiŋ up dis pe:s!" duw knoust, gre:t sun, 140

ðe end ov wærz unsertæin, but dis sertæin,
 dæt, if duw koŋker ru:m, ðe benefit
 hwitsj duw fælt ðe:rbij re:p iz sutj æ næ:m,
 hwu:z repetisjōn wil bi dogd wið kursez;
 hwu:z kronik,l dus wrɪt: "ðe mæn wæz no:b,l, 145
 but wið hiz læst ætempt hi wijpt it uwt;
 destroid hiz kuntri, ænd hiz næ:m remæinz
 tu dinsiuŋ æ:dʒ æbhord." spe:k tu mi:, sun:
 duw hæst æfekted ðe fijn stræinz ov onor,
 tu imitæ:t ðe græ:sez ov ðe godz: 150
 tu ter wið θunder de wijd tʃi:ks o ðæir
 ænd jit tu tʃærdz dij sulfur wið æ boult
 dæt su:ld but rijv æn o:k. hwij dust not spe:k?
 Өiŋkst duw it on(o)ræbl for æ no:b,l mæn
 stil tu remember wronz? da:ter, spe:k iu: 155
 hi kæ:rz not for iur wi:piŋ. spe:k duw, boi:

Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
160 Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou halt neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtefie,
When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniuft,
165 And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'ft from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
Down Ladies: let vs shame him with our knees
170 To his fur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
175 But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe
180 Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:
I am husht vntill our City be afire,
And then Ile speak a litle.¹

¹ & then ile speak a litle, *not beginning a new line.*

perhæps dij tſijldisnes wil mu:v him mo:r
 den kæn uwr re;z,nz. ðerz no: mæn in de world
 mo:r buwnd tuz muder; jit he:r hi lets mi præ:t
 lijk o:n id stoks. duw (hæ)st never in dij lijf 160
 soud dij de:r muder æni kurtesi,
 hwen ſi:, pu:r hen, fond ov no: sekond bru:d,
 hæz klokt di tu de wærz ænd sæ:fli ho:m,
 lo:d,n wið onor. sæ mij rekwests undȝust,
 ænd spurn mi bæk: but if it bi: not so:, 165
 duw ært not onest; ænd de godz wil plæ:g di:,
 dæt duw restræinst from mi; de diuti hwitſ
 tū æ muderz pært biloyz. hi turnz æwæi:
 duwn, læ:didz; let us sæ:m him wið uwr kni:z.
 tū (h)iz surmæ:m koriolæ:nuſ loy় mo:r prijd 170
 den piti tu uwr præi,rz. duwn: æn end;
 dis iz de læſt: so: wi wil ho:m tu ru:m,
 ænd dij æmoj uwr ne:borz:² næi, bihoulds:
 dis boi, dæt kænot tel hwæt hi wuld hæ:v,
 but kni:z ænd houldz up hændz for felo:sip, 175
 duz re:z,n uwr petision wið mo:r streŋθ
 den duw hæſt tu denijt. kum, let us go:;
 dis felo: hæd æ volsæn tu hisz muder;
 hisz wiſf iz in korij(o)le:z, ænd hisz tſijld
 lijk him bij tſæns. jit giv us uwr dispæts:
 ij (æ)m huſt until uwr siti bi: æfijr, 180
 ænd den ij spe:k æ lit,l.

¹ Or næiborz.

FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake
at this?

In. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
40 What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part¹
Belonging to a man.² O be some other name!
What's in a name? that³ which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
45 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title. *Romeo*,⁴ doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

¹ N. a., n. f., O be some other name *QF*. ² *Line*
ending here OF. ³ What? in a names that. ⁵ title *Romeo..*

FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II. SCENE II.

or, spe:k ægæin, brijt ændz,! for ðuw ært
æz glo:rius tu dis nijt, bi:(i)ŋ o:r mij hed,
æz iz æ wi:nged mesendzer ov he(:)vn
untu ðe hwijt-upturned wundrij iż
ov mortælz ðæt fa:l bæk tu gæ:z on him
hwen hi bistrijdz de læ:zi pufij kluwdz
ænd sœilz upon de bu:zom ov de æir.

dziulſet.] o: ro:měo:, ro:měo: ! hwe:rfo:r ært duw
ro:měo: ?

denij dij fæder ænd refiuz dij næ:m;
or, if duw wilt not, bi: but sworn mij luv,
ænd ijl no longer bi: æ kæpiulet.

ro:měo:] sæl ij he:r mo:r, or sæl ij spe:k æt
dis?

dʒiuliet.] tiz but dij næ:m ðæt iz mij enemi
ðuw ært dijself, dou not æ muwntægiu.

hwæts muwntægiu? it iz nor hænd, nor fu:t,
nor ærm, nor fæ:s, nor æni uðer pært
bilongij tu æ mæn. o:, bi: sum uðer næ:m!
hwæts in æ næ:m? dæt hwitſ wi ka:l æ ro:z
bij æni uðer word wu:ld smel æz swi:t;
so: ro:méo: wu:ld, we(:r) hi not ro:méo: ka:ld,
retæin dæt de:r perfeksion hwitſ hi ouz
widuwyt dæt tijt,l. ro:méo:, dof dij næ:m,
ænd for dij næ:m hwitſ iz no pært ov di:
tæ:k a:l mijself.

Rom.

I take thee at thy word:

50 Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •
Jul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on
my face,

Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haft heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,
90 Doeſt thou Loue me?¹ I know thou wilt say I,
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe: at Louers periuries
They ſay *Loue* laughs,² oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
95 Or if thou thinkſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my hauour³ light,
100 But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue more cunning⁴ to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue beene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer heard'ſt ere I was ware
My true Loues paſſion, therefore pardon me,
105 And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed⁵ Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe Fruite tree tops.

Jul. O ſweare not by the Moone, th'inconſtant
Moone,

¹ me *om.* *F.* me *Q.* ² laught. ³ behauour *F.* h. *Q.*
⁴ coying *F.* more cunning *Q.* ⁵ bleſſed *om.* *F.*, bl. *Q.*

ro:méo:] ij tæ:k di æt dij word:
 ka:l mi but luv, ænd ijl bi niu bæptijzd; 50
 hensfurθ ij never wil bi ro:meo:.

dʒiuliet.] duw knoust de mæsk ov nijt iz on 85
 mij fæ:s,
 els wu:ld æ mæid,n blus bipæint mij tʃi:k
 for dæt hwits duw hæst hærd mi spe:k tu-nijt.
 fæin wu:ld ij dwel on form, fæin, fæin denij
 hwæt ij hæv spo:k: but færwel kompliment!
 dust duw luv mi:? ij kno: duw wilt sæi "ij," 90
 ænd ij wil tæ:k dij worl: jit, if duw swe:rst
 duw mæist pru:v fa:ls; æt luverz perdʒuriz,
 dæi sæi, dzor:l lafs. o: dʒent,l ro:meo:,
 if duw dust luv, pronuwns it fæiθfuli:
 or if duw θijkst ij æm tu: kwikli wun, 95
 ijl fruwn ænd bi pervers ænd sæi di næi,
 so duw wilt wu:; but els, not for de world.
 in triuθ, fæir muwntægiu, ij æm tu: fond,
 ænd de:rfor duw mæist θijk mij hæ:vior lijt:
 but trust mi:, dʒent,l mæn, ijl pru:v mo:r triu 100
 ðen ðo:z dæt hæ:v mo:r kunij tu bi strændz.
 ij su:ld hæv bi:n mo:r strændz, ij must konfes,
 but dæt duw overhærdst, e:r ij wæz wæ:r,
 mij triu luvz pæsion: de:rfor pærdon mi:;
 ænd not impiut dis ji:ldij tu lijt luv, 105
 hwits de dærk nijt hæθ so: diskouvered.

ro:meo:] læ:di, bij jonder blesed mu:n ij vuw
 dæt tips wið silver a:l ðe:z friut-tri: tops—

dʒiuliet.] o:, swe:r not bij de mu:n, ðinkonstænt
 mu:n,

110 That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Leaft that thy Loue proue likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I sweare by?

Iul. Do not sweare at all:

Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gratiouse selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,

115 And Ile beleue thee.

Rom. If my hearts deare loue.

Iuli. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:

I haue no ioy of this contract to night,

It is too rash, too vnadui'd, too sudden,

Too like the lightning which doth cease to be

120 Ere one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:

This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,

May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:

Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,

Come to thy heart, as that within my breit.

125 *Rom.* O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?

Iuli. What satisfaction can't thou haue to
night?

Ro. Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow
for mine.

Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'st
request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe.

130 *Rom.* Would'st thou withdraw it? For what
purpose Loue?¹

Iul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,

And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,

My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,

My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee

135 The more I haue, for both are Infinite.

* * *

¹ For . . . Loue? a separate line.

ðæt munθli tʃændʒez in her sirkled orb,
lest ðæt dij luv pru:v lijkwijs væ:riæb,l.¹

ro:méo:] hwæt sæl ij swe:r bij?

džiuliët.] du not swe:r æt a:l;
or, if duw wilst, swe:r bij dij græ:sius self,
hwitʃ iz de god ov mij ijdalætri,
ænd ijl bili:v di:.

ro:méo:] if mij hærts de:r luv—

džiuliët.] wel, du not swe:r a:ldou ij džoi in di:
ij hæ:v no džoi ov dis kontrækt tu-nijt:
it iz tu: ræf, tu: unaðvijzd, tu: sudæin;²
tu: lijk de lijtnij, hwitʃ duθ se:s tu bi:
er o:n kæn sæi “it lijt,nz.” swi:t, gud nijt!
dis bud ov luv, bij sumerz rijpnij bre(:)θ,
mæi pru:v æ beutius fluwr hwen nekst wi mi:t.
gud nijt, gud nijt! æz swi:t repo:z ænd rest
kum tu dij hært æz ðæt widin mij brest!

ro:méo:] o:, wilt duw le:v mi so: unsætisfijd? 125

džiuliët.] hwæt sætisfæksion kænst duw hæ:v
tu-nijt?

ro:méo:] ðekstʃændʒ ov dij luvz fæiðful vuw
for mijn.

džiuliët.] ij qæ:v di mijn bifo:r duw didst
rekwest it:

ænd jit ij wu:ld it we(:)r tu giv ægæin.

ro:méo:] wu:ldst duw wiðdra: it? for hwæt 130
purpos, luv?

džiuliët.] but tu bi fræjk, ænd giv it di ægæin.
ænd jit ij wið but for de θiŋ ij hæ:v:
mij buwnti iz æz buwndles æz de se:,
mij luv æz di:p; de mo:r ij giv tu di:,
de mo:r ij hæ:v, for bo:θ ær infinit.

* * *

¹ Or væriæb(,)l.

² sud,n.

ACT V. SCENE I.

IF I may truft the flattering truth of sleepe,
 My dreames prelafge fome ioyfull news at hand:
 My bolomes Lord¹ sits lightly in his throne:
 And all this day an vnaccustom'd² spirit,
 Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
 (Strange dreame that giues a dead man leauet to thinke,)
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
 Ah me, how sweet is loue it felfe possest,
 When but loues shadowes are fo rich in ioy.

FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Bru. ROMANS, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare
 mee for my caule, and be silent, that you may heare.
 Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to
 mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me
 in your Wisedom, and awake your Senses, that you
 may the better Judge. If there bee any in this
 Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I
 say, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæsar*, was no leffe then
 his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus*
 rose against *Cæsar*, this is my anſwer: Not that I
 lou'd *Cæsar* leffe, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had
 you rather *Cæsar* were liuing, and dye all Slaues;

¹ L.² thisan day an vccustom'd.

ACT V. SCENE I.

if ij mæi trust de flæt(e)rig triuθ ov sli:p,
 mij dre:mz presædz sum dzoiful niuz æt hænd:
 mij bu:zomz lord sits lijli in hiz θro:n;
 ænd a:l dis dæi æn unækustomd spirit
 lifts mi æbuv de gruwnd wid tse:rful θouts. 5
 ij dremt mij læ:di kæ:m ænd fuwnd mi ded—
 strændz dre:m, dæt givz æ dæd mæn le:v tu θijk!—
 ænd bre:dd sutʃ lijf wid kisez in mij lips,
 dæt ij revijvd, ænd wæz æn emperor.
 æh mi:! huw swxit iz luv itself pozest, 10
 hwen but luvz sjedouz ær so ritʃ in dzo!

FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

briutus.] ro:mænz, kuntrimen, ænd luverz! he:r
 mi for mij ka:z, ænd bi: sjilent, dæt iu mæi he:r:
 bili:v mi for mijn onor, ænd hæ:v respekt tu 15
 mijn onor, dæt iu mæi bili:v: sensiur mi in iur
 wizdum, ænd æwæ:k iur sensez, dæt iu mæi
 de beter dzudz. if der bi: æni in dis æsembli,
 æni der: frend ov se:zærz, tu him ij sæi, dæt
 briutus luv tu se:zær wæz no les den hiz.¹ if 20
 den dæt frend demænd hwij briutus ro:z ægæinst
 se:zær, dis .iz mij ænswer:—not dæt ij luvd se:
 zær les, but dæt ij luvd ru:m mo:r. hæd iu
 ræder se:zær we(:)r livij ænd dij a:l slæ:vz,

¹ Or his.

25 then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-men?
 As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he
 was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant,
 I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew
 him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for
 80 his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death,
 for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would
 be a Bondman? If any, speake, for him haue I offended.
 Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman?
 85 If any, speake, for him haue I offended. Who is heere
 so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any,
 speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

.
An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me
 your ears:

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:
 80 The euill that men do, liues after them,
 The good is oft enterred with their bones,
 So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,
 Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,
 85 And greeuously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
 Heere, vnder leauue of *Brutus*, and the rest
 (For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
 So are they all; all Honourable men)
 Come I to speake in *Cæsars* Funerall.
 90 He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;
 But *Brutus* layes, he was Ambitious,
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
 He hath brought many Captiuies home to Rome,
 Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
 95 Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious?
 When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept:

den dæt se:zær we(:)r ded, tu liv a:l fri: men ? æz se:-²⁵
 zær luvd mi:, ij wi:p for him; æz hi wæz fortiunæ:t, ij
 redzois æt it; æz hi wæz væliænt, ij onor him;
 but, æz hi wæz æmbisius, ij sliu him. ðer iz te:rz
 for hiz luv; dzoí for hiz fortiun; onor for hiz
 vælor; ænd de(:)θ for hiz æmbisioñ. hwu: iz he:r so
 so bæ:s dæt wu:ld bi æ bondmæn? if æni, spe:k;
 for him hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so riud dæt
 wu:ld not bi æ ro:mæn? if æni, spe:k; for him
 hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so vijl dæt wil not³⁵
 luv hiz kuntri? if æni, spe:k; for him hæv ij ofend-
 ed. ij pa:z for æ replij.

.
 æntoni.] frendz, ro:mænz, kuntrimen, lend mi
 iur e:rz;

ij kum tu beri se:zær, not tu præiz him.

de i:vil dæt men du: livz æfter ðem; ³⁰

de gud iz oft intered wid ðæir bo:nz;

so let it bi: wi se:zær. de no:b,l briutus

hæθ tould iu se:zær wæz æmbisi-us:

if it we:r so:, it wæz æ gri:vus fa:lt,

ænd gri:vusli hæθ se:zær ænswerd it. ³⁵

he:r, under le:v ov briutus ænd de rest—

for briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn;

so ær ðæi a:l, a:l onoræb,l men—

kum ij tu spe:k in se:zærz fiuneræl.

hi wæz mij frend, fæiθful ænd dʒust tu mi:; ⁴⁰

but briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;

ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.

hi hæθ brout mæni kæptivz ho:m tu ru:m,

hwu:z rænsomz did de ðæn(e)ræl koferz fil:

did ðis in se:zær si:m æmbisi-us? ⁴⁵

hwen dæt de pu:r hæv krijd, 'se:zær hæθ wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,
 Yet *Brutus* fayes, he was Ambitious:
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

100 You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,
 I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
 Yet Brutus fayes, he was Ambitious:
 And sure he is an Honourable man.

105 I speake not to disprooue what *Brutus* spoke,
 But heere I am, to speake what I do know;
 You all did loue him once, not without cause,
 What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
 O Iudgement! thou art¹ fled to brutish Beasts,

110 And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,
 My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •
 But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might
 Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,

125 And none so poore to do him reuerence.

O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre
 Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
 Who (you all know) are Honourable men.

130 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
 Then I will wrong such Honourable men.

But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæsar*,
 I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will:

135 Let but the Commons heare this Teftament:
 Which (pardon me)² I do not meane to reade,

¹ are.

² (Which pardon me).

æmbisjón su:ld bi mæ:d ov sterner stuf:
 jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
 iu a:l did si: ðæt on de liuperkæl 100
 ij Өrijs prezented him æ kijli kruwn,
 hwitʃ hi did Өrijs refiuz: wæz dis æmbisjón?
 jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;
 ænd, siur, hi iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
 ij spe:k not tu dispru:v hwæt briutus spo:k, 105
 but he:r ij æm tu spe:k hwæt ij du kno:.
 iu a:l did luv him o:ns, not wiðuwt ka:z:
 hwæt ka:z wiðhouldz iu ðen, tu murn for him?
 o: džudzment! ðuw ært fled tu briutif be:sts,
 ænd men hæv lost dæir re:z.n. ber wið mi:; 110
 mij hært iz in de kofin ðe:r wið se:zær,
 ænd ij must pa:z til it kum bæk tu mi:.

 but jesterdæi ðe word ov se:zær mijt
 hæv stu(:)d ægæinst ðe world: nuw lijz hi ðe:r,
 ænd no:n so pu:r tu du: him reverens. 125
 o: mæsterz, if ij we(:)r dispo:zd tu stor
 iur hærts ænd mijndz tu miutini ænd ræ:dz,
 ij su:ld du: briutus wro:ŋ, ænd kæsius wro:ŋ,
 hwu:, iu a:l kno:, ær onoræb,l men.
 ij wil not du: ðem wro:ŋ; ij ræder tʃu:z 130
 tu wro:ŋ ðe ded, tu wro:ŋ mijself ænd iu,
 ðen ij wil wro:ŋ sutʃ onoræb,l men.
 but he:rz æ pærtjment wið ðe se:l ov se:zær;
 ij fuwnd it in his klozet, tiz his wil:
 let but de komonz he:r dis testæment— 135
 hwitʃ, pærdon mi:, ij du not me:n tu re:d—

And they would go and kisse dead *Cæsars* wounds,
 And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
 Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
 140 And dying, mention it within their Willes,
 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
 Vnto their issue.

.

145 Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
 It is not meete you know how *Cæsar* lou'd you:
 You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
 And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
 150 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
 For if you shoulde, O what would come of it?

.

Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
 155 I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,
 I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
 Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Cæsar*: I do feare it.

.

You will compell me then to read the Will:
 Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæsar*,
 And let me shew you him that made the Will:
 Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?

.

If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this Mantle, I remember
 175 The first time euer *Cæsar* put it on,
 'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,
 That day he ouercame the *Nervij*.
 Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:
 See what a rent the envious *Caska* made:
 180 Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* stabb'd,

ænd dæi wu:ld go: ænd kis ded se:zærz wuwndz
 ænd dip dæir næpkinz in his sækred blud,
 je:, beg æ hæir ov him for memori,
 ænd, dijinj, mensjon it wi:din dæir wilz,
 bikwe:dij it æz æ ritj legæsi
 untu dæir isiu.

hæ:v pæ:siens, dzent,l frendz, ij must not re:d it; 145
 it iz not mi:t iu kno: huw se:zær luvd iu.
 iu ær not wud, iu ær not sto:nz, but men;
 ænd bi:ij men, he:rij ðe wil ov se:zær,
 it wil inflæ:m iu, it wil mæ:k iu mæd:
 tiz gud iu kno: not dæt iu ær his hæirz; 150
 for if iu su:ld, o;, hwæt wu:ld kum ov it!

wil iu bi pæ:sient? wil iu stæi æhwijl?
 ij hæv or:shot mijself tu tel iu ov it:
 ij fe:r ij wroj ðe onoræb,l men
 hwu:z dægerz hæv stæbd se:zær; ij du fe:r it.

iu wil kompel mi, den, tu re:d ðe wil?
 den mæ:k æ rij æbuwt de korps ov se:zær,
 ænd let mi fo: iu him dæt mæ:d de wil.
 Jæl ij desend? ænd wil iu giv mi le:v?

if iu hæv te:rz, prepær tu sed ðem nuw.
 iu a:l du kno: dis mænt,l, ij remember.
 ðe first tijm ever sezær put it on 175.
 twæz on æ sumerz i:vnij, in his tent,
 dæt dæi hi overkæ:m de nervi-ij:
 lu:k, in dis plæ:s ræn kæsius dæger ðru:::
 si: hwæt æ rent ðe envius kæskæ mæ:d:
 ðru: dis ðe wel-biluved briutus stæbd;

And as he pluck'd his curled Steele away:

Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,

As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd

If *Brutus* so vnkindely knock'd, or no:

185 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars Angel*.

Judge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæsar* lou'd him:

This was the most vnkindeſt cut of all.

For when the Noble *Cæsar* law him stab,

Ingratitude, more ſtrong then Traitors armes,

190 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,

And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,

Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes Statue*

(Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.

O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?

195 Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,

Whilſt bloody Treafon flouriſh'd ouer vs.

O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele

The dint of pitty: Theſe are gracious droppes.

Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold

200 Our *Cæsars Vesture* wounded? Looke you heere,

Heere is Himselue, marr'd as you ſee with Traitors.

. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre you vp

215 To ſuch a ſodaine Flood of Mutiny:

They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.

What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,

That made them do it: They are Wife, and Honourable,

And will no doubt with Reaſons anſwer you.

220 I come not (Friends) to ſteale away your hearts,

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

ænd æz hi plukt hiz kur sed sti:l æwæi,
 mærk huw ðe blud ov se:zær foloud it,
 æz rusij uwt ov do:rz, tu bi rezolvd
 if briutus so unkijndli knokt, or no:;
 for briutus, æz iu kno:, wæz se:zærz ændz,l:
 džudz, o: iu godz, huw de:rli se:zær luvd him! 185
 dis wæz ðe mo:st unkijndest kut ov a:l;
 for hwen de no:b,l se:zær sa: him stæb,
 ingrætituđ, mo:r stroj ðen træitorz ærmz,
 kwijt væjkwiſt him: ðen burst hiz mijti hært;
 ænd, in hiz mænt,l muflij up hiz fæ:s,
 i:vn æt de bæ:s ov pompa:z stætiue,¹
 hwitſ a:l de hwijl ræn blud, gre:t se:zær fel.
 o:, hwæt æ fa:l wæz de:r, mij kuntrimen!
 ðen ij, ænd iu, ænd a:l ov us fel down,
 hwijlst bludi tre;z,n fluriſt over us. 195
 o:, nuw iu wi:p; ænd, ij perse:v, iu fi:l
 de dint ov piti: de:z ær græ:sius drops.
 kijnd soulz, hwæt, wi:p iu hwen iu but bihould
 uwr se:zærz vestiur wuwnded? lu:k iu he:r,
 he:r iz himself, mærd, æz iu si:, wid træitorz. 200

.

gud frendz, swi:t frendz, let mi not stor iu up
 tu sutsj æ sudæin flud ov miutini. 215
 ðæi ðæt hæv dun dis di:d ær onoræb,l:
 hwæt prijvæ:t gri:fs ðæi hæ:v, ælæs, ij kno: not,
 ðæt mæ:d dem du:(i)t: ðæi (æ)r wijz ænd onoræb,l,
 ænd wil, no duwt, wid re:z,nz ænswer iu.
 ij kum not, frendz, tu ste:l æwæi iur hærts:
 ij æm no orætor, æz briutus iz; 220

¹ Or staty:ə; "statue" being treated as a F. word.
Or else stætiue, i. e. "statua," the L. form.

But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
 That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,
 That gaue me publike leauue to speake of him:
 225 For I haue neyther wit, nor¹ words, nor worth,
 Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
 To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:
 I tell you that, which you your selues do know,
 Shew you sweet *Cæsars* wounds, poor poor dum
 mouths,
 230 And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus*,
 And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
 Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
 In euery Wound of *Cæsar*, that should moue
 The stones of Rome, to rife and Mutiny.

FROM MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. WHERE haft thou beene, Sister?
 2. Killing Swine.
 3. Sister, where thou?
1. A Sailors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
 5 And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht: Giue
 me, quoth I.²
 Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.
 Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:
 But in a Syue Ile thither layle,

¹ writ nor.

² Giue me, quoth I *a separate line.*

but, æz iu kno: mi a:l, æ plæin blunt mæn,
dæt luv mij frend; ænd dæt dæi kno: ful wel
dæt gæ:v mi publik le:v tu spe:k ov him:
for ij hæv ne:der wit, nor wordz, nor wurθ,
æksion, nor ut(e)ræns, nor de puwr ov spe:tʃ,
tu stor menz blud: ij o:nlí spe:k rijt on;
ij tel iu dæt hwitſ iu iurselvz du kno:; .
jo: iu swi:t se:zærz wuwndz, pu:r pu:r dum
muwdz,
ænd bid ðem spe:k for mi:: but we(:)r ij briutus, 220
ænd briutus æntoni, dær we(:)r æn æntoni
wu:ld ruf,l up iur spir(i)ts ænd put æ tuŋ
in ev(e)ri wuwnd ov se:zær dæt su:ld mu:v
ðe sto:nz ov ru:m tu rijz ænd miutini.

FROM MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE III.

[θunder. enter de θri: witſez.]
first witſ.] hwe:r hæst duw bi:n, sister?
sekond witſ.] kiliŋ swijn.
θird witſ.] sister, hwe:r duw?
first witſ.] æ sæilorz wifj hæd tſes(t)nuts in her læp
ænd muwntſt, ænd muwntſt, ænd muwntſt:—"giv
mi;" kwoθ ij. 5
"æroint di:, witſ!" de rump-fed runion krijz.
her huzbændz tu ælepo: go:n, mæster oð tijger:
but in æ siv ijl deder sæil,

And like a Rat without a tayle,
 10 Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
 2. Ile giue thee a Winde.
 1. Th'art kinde.
 3. And I another.
 1. I my selfe haue all the other,
 15 And the very Ports they blow,
 All the Quarters that they know,
 I'th' Ship-mans Card.
 I will¹ dreyne him drie as Hay:
 Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
 20 Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:
 He shall liue a man forbid:
 Wearie Seu'ights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
 Though his Barke cannot be lost,
 25 Yet it shall be Tempeſt-toſt.
 Looke what I haue.
 2. Shew me, shew me.
 1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
 Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
 30 3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
 Macbeth doth come.
 All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the Sea and Land,
 Thus doe goe, about, about,
 35 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
 Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

* *

¹ Ile.

ænd, lijk æ ræt wiðuwt æ tæil,
 ijl du:, ijl du:, ænd ijl du:. 10
 sekond wits.] ijl giv di æ wijnd.
 first wits.] dært kijnd.
 Өird wits.] ænd ij ænuðer.
 first wits.] ij mijself hæ:v a:l de uder,
 ænd de veri ports dæi blo; 15
 a:l de kwærterz dæt dæi kno:
 id sippænz kærd.
 ij wil dræin him drij æz hæi:
 sli:p sæl ne:ðer nijt nor dæi
 hæj upon hiz pent-huws lid; 20
 hi sæl liv æ mæn forbid:
 we:ri sevnijts nijn tijmz nijn
 sæl hi dwind,l, pe:k ænd pijn:
 dou hiz bærk kænot bi lost,
 jit it sæl bi tempest-tost. 25
 lu:k hwaet ij hæ:v.
 sekond wits.] so: mi:, so: mi:.
 first wits.] he:r ij hæ:v æ pijlots Өum,
 wrekt æz ho:mwærd hi did kum. [drum wiðin.
 Өird wits.] æ drum, æ drum! 30
 mækbeθ duθ kum.
 a:l.] de wæiwærd sisterz, hænd in hænd,
 po:sterz ov de se; ænd lænd,
 dus du go: æbuwt, æbuwt:
 Өrijs tu dijn ænd Өrijs tu mijn 35
 ænd Өrijs ægæin, tu mæk up nijn.
 pes! de tʃærmz wuwnd up.

ACT I. SCENE VII.

It were done quickly: If th'Assassination
Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow
5 Might be the be all, and the end all: Heere,¹
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'l d iumpe the life to come. But in these Cafes,
We still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
10 To plague th'Inuenter. This eu'en-handed Iustice
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
15 Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
20 The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the fightlesse Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
25 That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And falles on th'other. How now? What Newes?²

¹ end all. Heere, ² How now? What Newes? a
separate line.

ACT I. SCENE VII.

mækbeθ.] if it we(:)r dun hwen tiz dun, den
twe(:)r wel

it we(:)r dun kwikli: if ðæsæsinæ:šion
ku:ld traem,l up ðe konsekvens, ænd kætf
wid hiz surse:s sukses; dæt but dis blo:
mijt bi ðe bi:-a:l ænd ðe end-a:l: he:r,
but he:r, upon dis bænk ænd sku:l ov tijm,
wi:ld dzump de lijf tu kum. but in ðe:z kæ:sez
wi stil hæv dzudgment he:r; dæt wi but te:tʃ
bludi instruksionz, hwitʃ, bixij ta:t, return
tu plæ:g dinventor: dis i:v,n-hænded dzustis 10
komendz ðingre:djens ov uwr poiz,nd tʃælis
tu uwr oun lips. hi:z he:r in dub,l trust;
first, æz ij æm hiz kinzmaen ænd hiz subdzept,
stroj bo:θ ægæinst de di:d; den, æz hiz ho:st,
hwu: ſu:ld ægæinst hiz murdererer fut de do:r, 15
not be:r de knijf mijself. bisijdz, dis dunjkæn
hæθ born hiz fækultiz so mi:k, hæθ bi(:)n
so kle:r in hiz gre:t ofis, dæt hiz vertiuz
wil ple:d' lijk ændzelz, trumpet-tu:jd, ægæinst
ðe di:p dæmnæ:šion ov hiz tæ:kiŋ-of; 20
ænd piti, lijk æ næ:ked niu-born bæ:b,
strijdij de blæst, or he(:)v,nz tseriubin, horst
upon de sijtles kurjor¹ ov ðe æir,
ſæl blo: ðe horid di:d in ev(e)ri ij,
dæt te:rz ſæl druwn de wijnd. ij hæ:v no spur 25
tu prik ðe sijdz ov mij intent, but o:nli
va:ltij æmbisjon, hwitʃ o:rlē:ps itself
ænd fa:lz on duðer.—huw nuw! hwæt niuz?

¹ kurjerz.

La. He has almost supt: why haue you left
the chamber?

80 *Mac.* Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this
Businesse:

He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest gloffe,
85 Not cast aside so soone.

La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dreft your selfe? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
40 To be the fame in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'ſt thou haue that
Which thou esteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
45 Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do¹ more, is none.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE I.

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me
clutch thee:

85 I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.

¹ no.

læ:di.] hi hæz¹ a:lmo:st supt: hwij hæv iu left
de tʃember?
mækbeθ]. hæθ hi æskt for mi:?
læ:di.] kno: iu not hi hæz?
mækbeθ.] wi wil prosi:d no furder in dis biznes:

hi hæθ² onord mi: ov læ:t, ænd ij hæv bout
gould,n opin̄ionz from a:l sorts ov pi:p,l,
hwitʃ wu:ld bi worn nuw in ðeir niuest glos,
not kæst æsijd so su:n.

læ:di.] wæz de ho:p drujk
hwe:rin iu drest iurself? hæθ it slept sins?
ænd wæks it nuw, tu lu:k so grīn ænd pæ:l
æt hwæt it did so fri:li? from dis tijm
suts ij ækuwnt dij luv. ært duw æfe:rd
tu bi de sæ:m in dijn oun ækt ænd vælor
æz duw ært in dezijr? wu:ldst duw hæ:v dæt
hwitj duw esti:mst de ornamēnt ov lijf,
ænd liv æ kuwärd in dijn oun esti:m,
letij "ij dæ:r not" wæit upon "ij wu:ld,"
lijk de pu:r kæt id ædæ(:)dz?
mækbeθ.] pridi:, pe:s:
ij dæ:r du: a:l dæt mæi bikum æ mæn:
hwu; dæ:rz du: mo:r iz no:n.

ACT II. SCENE I.

iz dis æ dæger hwitſ ij si: bifo:r mi:,
de hænd,l to:rd mij hænd? kum, let mi klutſ di:.

ij hæ:v ði: not, ænd jit ij si: ði: stil.

¹ hi:z. ² hi:θ.

Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed Braine?
 40 I ſee thee yet, in forme as palpable,
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marſhall’it me the way that I was going,
 And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to vſe.
 Mine Eyes are made the fooles o’th’other Sences'
 45 Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
 And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
 Which was not ſo before. There’s no ſuſh thing:
 It is the bloody Busineſſe, which informes
 Thus to mine Eyes

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

Macb. How do’s your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not ſo ſicke my Lord,
 As ſhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
 That keepe her from her reſt.
Macb. Cure her of¹ that:
 40 Can’t thou not Minister to a minde diseas’d,
 Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
 And with ſome ſweet Obliuiouſ Antidote
 Cleanle the ſtuſt boſome, of that perillous ſtuſſe
 45 Which weighes vpon the heart?

¹ Cure of.

ært duw not, fæ:tæl vizion, sensib,l
tu fi:lij æz tu sijt? or ært duw but
æ dæger ov de mijnd, æ fa:ls kreæ:sion,
prosi:diŋ from de he:t-opresed bræin?
ij si: di: jit, in form æz pælpæb,l
æz dis hwitsj nuw ij dra:.
duw mærſælst mi de wæi dæt ij wæz go:inj;
ænd sutſ æn instriument ij wæz tu iuz.
mijn ijjz ær mæ:d ðe fu:lz o ðuðer sensez,
or els wurθ a:l ðe rest; ij si: di: stil,
ænd on dij blæ:d ænd dudzon guwts ov blud,
hwitsj wæz not so: bifo:r. derz no: sutſ θinj:
it iz de bludi biznes hwitsj informz
dus tu mijn ijjz

ACT V SCENE III

mækbeθ.]
huw duz iur pæ:sient, doktor?
doktor.] not so sik, mij lord,
æz si iz trub,ld wid θik-kumij fænsiz,
dæt ki:p her from her rest.
mækbeθ.] kiur her ov dæt.
kænst duw not min(i)ster tu æ mijnd dize:zd,
pluk from de memori æ ru:ted soro:,
ræ:z uwt de writ,n trub,lz ov de bræin
ænd wid sum swi:t oblivius æntido:t
klens de stuft bu(:)zom ov dæt per(i)lus stuf
hwit wæiz upon de hært?

FROM HAMLET.

ACT I. SCENE II.

OH that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
180 Thaw, and resolute it selfe into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughtter. O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vies of this world?
185 Fie on't! Oh fie,¹ 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in
Nature
Possesse it merely. That it should come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
140 *Hiperion* to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteeme² the windes of heauen
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth!³
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if encrease of Appetite had growne
145 By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she,
150 (O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine
Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?

¹ Fie on't? Oh fie, fie *F*, Fie on't, ah fie, *Q₂*. ² be-
teene *F*, beteeme *Q₂*. ³ *No stop Q₂ F.*

FROM HAMLET.

ACT I. SCENE II.

o; dæt dis tu: tu: solid fleſ wu:ld melt,
θa: ænd rezolv itſelf intu æ deu! 180
or dæt de everlæſtij hæd not fikſt
hiz kænon gæinst ſelf-sla:ter! o god! o god!
huw we:ri, ſtæ:l, flæt ænd unprofitæb,l
ſi:mz tu mi a:l de iuez ov dis world!
fij ont! o: fij! tiz æn unwi:ded gærd,n
dæt grouz tu ſi:d; θiŋz rænk ænd gro:s in
næ:tiur 185
pozes it mi:rli. dæt it ſu:ld kum tu dis!
but tu: munθ ded: næi, not so mutʃ, not tu::
so ekselent æ kin: dæt wæz, tu dis,
hijpe:rion tu æ ſæ:tir; ſo luviŋ tu mij muðer
dæt hi mijt not biti:m de wijndz ov he(:)vn
viziſ her fæ:s tu rufli. he(:)vn ænd e(:)rθ!
muſt ij remember? hwij, ſi wu:ld hæj on him,
æz if inkre:s ov æpetijt hæd groun
bij hwæt it fed on: ænd jit, widin æ munθ— 190
let mi not θiŋk ont—frælti, dij næ:m iz wumæn!—
æ lit,l munθ, or er do:z fu:z wer ould
wið hwitʃ ſi foloud mij pu:r fæderz bodi,
lijk nijobe:, a:l te:rz:—hwij ſi:, ivn ſi:—
o: he(:)vn! æ be:ſt, dæt wænts disku:rs ov re:z,n, 195
wu:ld hæv murnd longer—mærid wið mijn unk,l,
mij fæderz bruder, but no mo:r lijk mij fæder
den ij tu herkiule:z: widin æ munθ:

Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
 155 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 She married. *

* * *

ACT I. SCENE III.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
 60 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
 Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
 The friends thou haft, and their adoption tride,
 Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
 But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
 65 Of each new hatch't,¹ vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
 Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
 Take each mans censure; but referue thy iudgement:
 70 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
 But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
 For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
 And they in France of the belt ranck and station,
 Are most² select and generous chief³ in that.
 75 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
 For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
 And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
 This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:
 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
 80 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

* * *

¹ vnhatch't *F*, new hatcht *Q₂*. ² Are of a most. ³ cheff.

e:r jit de sa:lt ov mo:st unrijtius terz
hæd left de flusinj ov her ga:led ijjz,
si mærid.

155

* * *

ACT I. SCENE III.

giv dij θouts no: tu],
nor æni unproporsjond θout hiz ækt.
bi: duw fæmiljær, but bij no: me:nz vulgær.
de frendz duw hæst, ænd dæir ædopsjón trijd,
græpl dem tu dij soul wið hu:ps ov sti:l;
but du; not dul dij pa:m wið entertæinment
ov e:tʃ niu-hætʃt, unfledzð komræd. biwær
ov entræns tu æ kwærel, but bi:(i)ŋ in,
be:r:t dæt dopo:zed mæi biwær ov di:.
giv ev(e)ri mæn dijn e:r, but feu dij vois;
tæ:k e:tʃ mænz sensiur, but rezerv dij džudʒment.
kostli dij hæbit æz dij purs kæn bij,
but not eksprest in fænsi; ritʃ, not ga:di;
for de æpærel oft proklæimz de mæn,
ænd dæi in fræns ov de best ræjk ænd stæ:sjón
ær mo:st selekt ænd dzen(e)rus, tʃi:f in dæt.
ne:der æ borðer, nor æ lender bi:;
for lo:n oft lu:zez bo:θ itself ænd frend,
ænd borðij dulz de edz ov huzbændri.
dis æbuv a:l: tu dijn oun self bi: triu,
ænd it must folo:, æz de nijt de dæi,
duw kænst not den bi fals tu æni mæn.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE I.

TO be, or not to be, that is the Question:
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
 The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
 Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
 60 And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe,
 No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
 The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shokes
 That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
 Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye, to sleepe,
 65 To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
 For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
 When we haue shuffel'd¹ off this mortall coile,
 Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect
 That makes Calamity of so long life:
 70 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
 The Oppressors wrong, the proude² mans Contumely,
 The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
 The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
 That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
 75 When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles
 beare
 To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The vndiscouered Countrey, from whose Borne
 80 No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
 And makes vs rather beare thofe illes we haue,
 Then flye to others that we know not of.
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
 And thus the Natiue hew of Refolution

¹ shuffel'd. ² poore *F*, proude *Q_a*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

tu bi:, or not tu bi:: dæt iz de kwestion:
 hweder tiz no:bler in de mijnd tu sufer
 de slijz ænd ærouz ov uwtræ:dzius fortiu,
 or tu tæ:k ærmz ægæinst æ se: ov trub,lz,
 ænd bij opo:zijg end dem. tu dij: tu sli:p; 60
 no mo:r; ænd bij æ sli:p tu sæi wi end
 de hært-æ:k ænd de θuwzænd nætiuræl joks
 dæt fles iz hæir tu, tiz æ konsumæ:sion
 devuwlti tu bi wiſt. tu dij, tu sli:p;
 tu sli:p: pertfæns tu dre:m: ij, ðe:rz ðe rub; 65
 for in dæt sli:p ov de(:)θ hwæt dre:mz mæi kum
 hwen wi hæv suf,ld of dis mortæl koil,
 must giv us pa:z: ðe(:)rz ðe respekt
 dæt mæ:ks kælæmiti ov so loj lijf;
 for hwu: wu:ld be:r de hwips ænd skornz ov tijm, 70
 dopresorzM wroŋ, ðe pruwd mænz kontium(e)li,
 ðe pæn̄z ov disprijzd luv, ðe la:z delæi,
 ðe insolens ov ofis ænd de spurnz
 dæt pæ:sient merit ov ð(e) unwurdi tæ:ks,
 hwen hi himself mijt hiz kwije:tus mæ:k 75
 wid æ bæ:r bodkin? hwu: wu:ld ðe:z færd,lz be:r,

 tu grunt ænd swe(:)t under æ we:ri lijf,
 but dæt de dre(:)d ov sumθijg æfter de(:)θ,
 ðe undiskuverd kugtri from hwu:z born
 no træveler returnz, puz,lz ðe wil 80
 ænd mæ:ks us ræder be:r do:z ilz wi hæ:v
 ðen flij tu uðerz dæt wi kno: not ov?
 dus konsiens duz mæ:k kuwærdz ov us a:il;
 ænd dus de næ:tiv hiu ov rezoliuſion

85 Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their Currants turne away,
 And loose the name of Action.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE II.

Ham. SPEAKE the Speech I pray you, as I
 pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue:
 But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do,
 I had as liue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines:
 5 Nor do not saw the Ayre too much with¹ your
 hand thus, but vfe all gently: for in the verie
 Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-
 winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a
 Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse. O it
 10 offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-
 wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie
 ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who
 (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but
 inexplicable dumbe shewes, and noise: I could haue
 15 such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it
 out-Herod's Herod. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your
 owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action
 20 to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this
 speciall obseruance: That you ore-step² not the
 modeſtie of Nature; for any thing ſo ouer-done,
 is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at

¹ with *om. F*, with *Qq.* ² ore-step *F*, ore-steppe *Qs.*

iz siklid o:r wið de pæ:l kæst ov θout,
ænd enterprijzez ov gre:t piθ ænd mo:ment
wið dis regærd dæir kurænts turn æwæi,
ænd lu:z de næ:m ov æksjon.

85

* * *

ACT III. SCENE II.

hæmlet.] spe:k de spi:tʃ, ij præi iu, æz ij
pronuwnst it tu iu, tripiŋli on de tuŋ: but if
iu muwd it, æz mæni ov iur plæierz du:, ij hæd
æz liv de tuwn-krijer hæd spo:k mij lijnz. nor
du: not sa: de æir tu: mutʃ wið iur hænd, dus, 5
but iuz a:l dzentli; for in de veri torent, tem-
pest, ænd æz ij mæi sæi, de hwirl-wijnd ov
pæsion, iu must ækwijr ænd biget æ temperæns
dæt mæi giv it smu:ðnes. o:, it ofendz mi tu
de soul tu si: æ robustiūs periwig-pæ:ted felo: 10
ter: æ pæsion tu tæterz, tu veri rægz, tu split
de e:rz ov de gruwndlijz, hwu: for de mo:st
pært ær kæ:pæb,l ov nuθinj but ineksplikæb,l dum-
souz ænd noiz: ij ku:ld hæ:v sutʃ'æ felo: hwipt
for o:rdū:ij termægænt; it uwt-herodz herod: præi
iu, ævoid it.

plæier.] ij wærænt iur onor.

hæmlet.] bi: not tu: tæ:m ne:ðer, but let iur
oun diskresion bi: iur tiutor: siut de æksjon 20
tu: de word, de word tu de æksjon; wið dis
spesiel observæns, dæt iu o:rstap not de mo-
desti ov næ:tiur: for æni θinj so: overdun iz
from de purpo:s ov plæiŋ, hwu:z end, bo:θ æt

the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the
 25 Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne
 Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age
 and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now,
 this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make
 the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious
 30 greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your
 allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh,
 there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard
 others prais, and that highly (not to speake it
 prophanelly) that neyther hauing the accent of
 35 Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man,¹
 haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought
 some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and
 not made them well, they imitated Humanity so
 abhominably.

40 *Play.* I hope we haue reform'd that indiffe-
 rently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those
 that play your Clownes, speake no more then is
 set downe for them. For there be of them, that
 45 will themselues laugh, to set on some quantity of
 barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane
 time, some necessary Queftion of the Play be then to
 be considered: that's Villanous, and shewes a most
 pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go
 50 make you readie.

* * *

¹ or Norman *F*, nor man *Q₂*.

de first ænd nuw, wæz ænd iz, tu ho:ld, æz twe(:)r,
 de miror up tu næ:tiur; tu fo: vertiu her oun²⁵
 fæ:tiur, skorn her oun imædz, ænd de veri ædz
 ænd bodi ov de tijm hiz form ænd presiur. nuw
 dis overdun, or kum tærdi of, dou it mæ:k de
 unskilful læf, kænot but mæ:k de dgiudisius gri:v;
 de sensiur ov de hwitj o:n must in iur æluwæns³⁰
 o:rwæi æ ho:l ðe:xeter ov uðerz. o:, der bi
 plæierz dæt ij hæv si:n plæi, ænd hærd uðerz
 præiz, ænd dæt hijli, not tu spek it profæ:nlí,
 dæt, ne:der hæ:viy de æksent ov kristiænz nor
 de gæ:t ov kristiæn, pæ:gæn, nor mæn, hæv so:³⁵
 struted ænd beloud dæt ij hæv ðout sum ov
 næ:tiurz djurnimen hæd mæ:d men ænd not
 mæ:d dem wel, dæi imitæ:ted hiumæniti so:
 æbominæbli.

plæier.] ij ho:p wi hæv reformd dæt indife-⁴⁰
 rentli wið us, sir.

hæmlet.] o:, reform it a:ltugeder. ænd let
 do:z dæt plæi iur kluwnz spe:k no: mo:r den iz
 set duwn for dem; for der bi: ov dem dæt wil
 demselvz læf, tu set on sum kwæntiti ov bæren⁴⁵
 spektæ:torz tu læf tu:; dou in de me:n tijm,
 sum nesesæri kwestiōn ov de plæi bi: den tu bi
 konsiderd: dæts vilænus, ænd souz æ mo:st
 pitiful æmbisjōn in de ful dæt iuzez it. go:,
 mæ:k iu re(:)di.



ACT IV. SCENE V.

How should I your true loue know
From another one?

25 By his Cockle hat and staffe,
And his Sandal shoone.¹

He is dead and gone Lady,

30 He is dead and gone,

At his head a grasse-greene Turfe,
At his heele a stone.²

35 White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow,
Larded with sweet flowers:
Which bewept to the graue did go,³
With true-loue showres.

FROM KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

BLOW windes, and crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown'd⁴ the
Cockes.

You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
5 Vaunt-curriors of Oake-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

.

¹ *Ll. 23 to 26 two lines.* ² *Ll. 29 to 32 two lines.*

³ did not go *QqF.* ⁴ drown'd *F.* drown'd *Q.*

ACT IV. SCENE V.

huw su:ld ij iur triu-luv kno:
 from ænuðer o:n?
 bij hiz kok,l hæt ænd stæf,
 ænd hiz sændæl su:n.25

 hi iz ded ænd go:n, læ:di,
 hi iz ded ænd go:n;30
 æt hiz hed æ græs-gri:n turf,
 æt hiz hizlæz æ sto:n.

 hwijt hiz fjuwd æz de muwntæin sno:,35
 lærded wið swi:t fluwrz;
 hwitf biwept tu ð(e) græ:v did go:
 wið triu-luv fuwrz.

FROM KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

blo:, wijndz, ænd kræk iur tsi:ks! ræ:dz! blo:!
 iu kætærækts ænd hurikæ:no:z, spuwt
 til iu hæv drentst uwrt sti:p,lz, druwnd de koks!

 iu sulfrus ænd θout-eksekiutij fijrz,
 va:nt-kuriɔrz ov o:k-kle:viŋ θunder-boult,5
 sindz mij hwijt hed! ænd duw, a:l-fæ:kiŋ θunder,
 strijk flæt de θik rotunditi od world!
 kræk næ:tiurz mouldz, a:l dʒermæinz spil æt o:ns,
 ðæt mæ:ks ingræ:tful mæn.

Rumble thy belly full: I spit Fire, spowt Raine:
 15 Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
 I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.
 I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,
 20 A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:
 But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,
 That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
 Your high-engender'd Battailles, 'gainst a head
 So old, and white as this.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

HOW FEAREFULL

And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,
 The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
 Shew scarse so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe
 15 Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
 Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.
 The Fishermen, that walke¹ vpon the beach
 Appear like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
 Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
 20 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,
 That on th'vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes
 Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,
 Leaft my braine turne, and the deficient sight
 Topple downe headlong.

* * *

¹ walk'd *F*, walke *Q*.

rumb,l dij beliful! spit, fijr! spuwt, ræin!
 nor ræin, wijnd, θunder, fij,r, ær mij da:terz:
 ij tæks not iu, iu el(e)ments, wið unkijndnes;
 ij never gæ:v iu kijdum, ka:lд iu tjildren,
 iu o: mi no: subskripsion: 'den let fa:l
 iur hor(i)bl ple(:)ziur; hei:r ij stænd, iur slæ:v,
 æ pu:r, infirm, we:k, ænd dispijzd ould mæn:
 but jit ij ka:l iu servil ministerz,
 dæt wil wið tu: pernisius da:terz dzoin
 iur hij indzenderd bæ:t,lz gæinst æ hed
 so ould ænd hwijt æz dis.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

huw fe:rful

ænd dizi tiz, tu kæst o:nz ijj so lo!:!
 de krouz ænd tjsufs dæt wij de midwæi æir
 jo: skærso gro:s æz bi:t,lz: ha:f wæi duwn
 hænjz o:n dæt gæderz sæmpijr, dre(:)dful træ:d! 15
 mi θi:ks hi si:mz no biger den hiz hed:
 de fijermen, dæt wa:k upon de be:tʃ,
 æpe:r lijk mijs; ænd jond ta:l æŋk(o)rij bæk,
 diminist tu her kok; her kok, æ bwoi
 a:lmo:st tu: sma:l for sijt: de murm(u)rij surdz, 20
 dæt on dunnumbred ijd,l peb,l tʃæ:fs,
 kænot bi hærd so hij. ijl luk no mo:r;
 le(:)st mij bræin turn, ænd ðe defisiënt sijt
 top,l duwn hedloj.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

Lear. HOWLE, howle, howle, howle: ¹ O you ²
 are men of stones,
 Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd vfe them so,
 That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.
²⁶⁰I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
 She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasfe,
 If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
 Why then she liues.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror? ³

Alb. Fall and cease.

²⁶⁵*Lear.* This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,
 It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes
 That euer I haue felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,
²⁷⁰I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for euer:
Cordelia, *Cordelia,* Itay a little. Ha:
 What is't thou saift? Her voice was euer soft,
 Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

²⁸⁵*Lear.* And my poore Foole is hang'd: no,
 no, no life?

Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat haue life,
 And thou no breath at all? Thou'l come no more,
 Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.
 Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,

¹ *The fourth howle in Q only.* ² *your.* ³ *Full stop.*

ACT V. SCENE III.

le:r.] huwl, huwl, huwl, huwl! o:, iu ær
men ov sto:nz:

hæd ij iur tu:ŋz ænd ijz, ijld iuz ðem so:
ðæt he(:)v,nz va:lt su:ld kræk. si:z go:n for ever!
ij kno: hwen o:n iz ded, ænd hwen o:n livz; 260
si:z ded æz e(:)rθ. lend mi æ lu:kin-glæs;
if ðæt her bre(:)θ wil mist or stæin ðe sto:n,
hwij, den si livz.

kent.] iz dis ðe promist end?

edgær.] or imædz ov ðæt horor?

æ:lbæni.] fa:l, ænd se:s!

le:r.] dis feder sturz; si livz! if it bi: so:, 265
it iz æ tʃæns hwitʃ duz redi:m a:l sorouz
ðæt ever ij hæv felt.

kent.] o: mij gud mæster!

le:r.] pridi:, æwæi.

edgær.] tiz no:b,l kent, iur frend.

le:r.] æ plæ:g upon iu murð(e)rerz, træitorz a;l!
ij mijt hæv sæ:vd her; nuw si:z go:n for ever! 270
korde:līæ, korde:līæ, stæi æ lit,l. hæ:!
hwæt ist duw sæist? her vois wæz ever soft,
dzent,l, ænd lo:, æn eks(e)lent θij in wumæn.

le:r.] ænd mij pu:r fu:l iz hæjd! no:, no:, 285
no: lijf!

hwij su:ld æ dog, æ hors, æ ræt hæv lijf,
ænd duw no bre(:)θ æt a:l? duwlt kum no mo:r,
never, never, never, never, never!
præi iu, undu: dis but,n: θæյk iu, sir.

810 Do you see this? Looke on her!¹ Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he
hates him,

That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
815 Stretch him out longer.

FROM OTHELLO.

ACT I. SCENE III.

HER Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
180 From yeare to yeare: the Battailles,² Sieges, Fortunes,³
That I haue paft.
I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,
Toth' very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
185 Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth scapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
And sold to flauery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours historie.
190 Wherein of Antars vast, and Defarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, and⁴ Hills, whose heads⁵
touch heauen,
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,

¹ her? ² Battaille. (*This and most other corrections from Q.*) ³ Fortune. ⁴ and om. ⁵ head.

du iu si: dis? lu:k on her, lu:k, her lips,
lu:k deir, lu:k de:r! 810

edgær.] hi fæints ! mij lord, mij lord !

kent.] bre:k. hært: ii pridi:, bre:k!

ednær.] lu:k up. mij lord.

kent.] veks not his no:st: o: let him pas!

hi: hæ:ts him

would upon the wreck of this foul world.

dat wuld upon de wrak ov dat tur world
stretf him uwt longer

stretj min uwt folger.

FROM OTHELLO.

ACT I. SCENE III.

her fæder luvd mi:; oft invijted mi:;
stil kwestiond mi: de sto:ri ov mij lijf,
from je:r tu je:r, de bætlz, si:dzez, fortiunz,
dæt ij hæv pæst.

ij ræn it Өru:, i:vn from mij boijs dæiz,
tuð veri mo:ment ðæt hi bæd mi tel it;
hwe:rin ij spo:k ov mo:st dizæstrus tʃænsenz,
ov mu:viŋ æksidents bij flud ænd fi:ld,
ov hæir-bredθ skæ:ps id im(i)nen dedli bre:tʃ,
ov bi:ŋ tæ:k,n bij de ins(o)lent fo:
ænd sould tu slæ:v(e)ri, ov mij redempšion ðens
ænd portæns in mij træv(e)lerz histori:
hwe:rin ov ænterz væst ænd dezærts ijd,l,
ruf kwæriz, roks ænd hilz hwu:z hedz tutʃ he(:)v,n,

it wæz mij hint tu spe:k,—sutſ wæz mij pro:ses;

And of the Canibals that each others eate,
 The *Anthropophagi*,¹ and men whose heads
 145 Do grow² beneath their shoulders. These things
 to heare,
 Would *Desdemona* seriously incline:
 But still the house Affaires would draw her thence:³
 Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'l⁴ come againe, and with a greedie eare
 150 Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,
 Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 155 But not intentiuely:⁵ I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her teares,
 When I did speake of some distresfull stroke
 That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
 She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes:⁶
 160 She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,
 'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That Heauen had made her such a man. She
 thank'd me,
 And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
 165 I shoul'd but teach him how to tell my Story,
 And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake,
 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
 And I lou'd her, that she did pitty them.
 This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.

* * *

¹ *Antropophage*. ² Grew. ³ hence. ⁴ She'l^d.
⁵ instinctiuely. ⁶ kisses.

ænd ov de kænibælz dæt e:tʃ uderz e:t,
de ænθropofædzij, ænd men hwu:z hedz
du gro: bine:d¹ dæir soulderz. de:z θiŋz tu he:r 145

wu:ld dezdemo:næ se:rūslı inklijn:
but stil de huws æfæirz wu:ld dra: her dens:
hwitʃ ever æz ji ku:ld wið hæ:st dispætʃ,
si:ld kum ægæin, ænd wið æ gre:di e:
devuwr up mij disku:rs: hwitʃ ij obzervinj, 150
tu:k o:ns æ plijænt uwr, ænd fuwnd gud me:nz
tu dra: from her æ præir ov ernest hært
dæt ij wu:ld a:l mij pilgrimædz dilæ:t,
hwe:rov bij pærslz ji hæd sumθiŋ hærd,
but not intentivli. ij did konsent, 155
ænd oft,n did bigjl her ov her te:rz,
hwen ij did spe:k ov sum distresful stro:k
dæt mij jiuθ suferd. mij sto:ri bi:iŋ dun,
ji gæ:v mi for mij pæinz æ world ov sijz:
ji swo:r, in fæiθ, twæz strændz, twæz pæsinj strændz, 160
twæz pitiful, twæz wundrus pitiful:
ji wišt ji hæd not hærd it, jit ji wišt
dæt he(:)vn hæd mæ:d her sutʃ æ mæn: ji θæŋkt
mi:,
ænd bæd mi:, if ij hæd æ frend dæt luvd her,
ij su:ld but te:tʃ him huw tu tel mij sto:ri, 165
ænd dæt wu:ld wu: her. upon dis hint ij spæ:k:
ji luvd mi: for de dændzerz ij hæd pæst,
ænd ij luvd her dæt ji did piti ðem.
dis o:nli iz de wits-kræft ij hæv iuzz.

* * *

¹ Or bine:θ.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

ælæs, iæ:go:,
 hwæt sæl ij du: tu win mij lord ægæin?
 gud frend, go: tu him; for, bij dis lijt ov he(:)vn, 150
 ij kno: not huw ij lost him. he:r ij kni:l:
 if e:r mij wil did trespæs gæinst his luv,
 e:d(e)r¹ in diskurs ov θout or æktiūel di:d,
 or dæt mijn ijz, mijn e:rz, or æni sens,
 delijted ðem in æni uðer form; 155
 or dæt ij du: not jit, ænd ever did,
 ænd ever wil—dou hi du sæ:k mi of
 tu begerli divorsment—luv him de:rlı,
 kumfort forswe:r mi:! unkijndnes mæi du: mutʃ;
 ænd his unkijndnes mæi defe:t mij lijf, 160
 but never tæint mij luv.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

ij præi iu, in iur leterz, 160
 hwen iu sæl ðe:z unluki di:dz relæ:t,
 spe:k ov mi: æz ij æm; noθij eksteniūæ:t,
 nor set downt out in mælis: ðen must iu spe:k
 ov o:n dæt luvd not wizzli but tu: wel;
 ov o:n not e:z(i)li dželius, but bi:ij wrout 165
 perplekst in ðe ekstre:m; ov o:n hzu:z hænd,
 lik ðe bæ:s indiæn, θriu æ perl æwæi
 ritser ðen a:l his trijb; ov o:n hzu:z subdiud ijz,
 a:lb:i:(i)t uniuzed tu ðe meltij mu:d,

¹ Hardly e:r.

880 Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
 Their Medicinable gumme.
 I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
 Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT II. SCENE II.

THE Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
 Burnt on the water: the Pooke was beaten Gold,
 Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that
 The Windes were Loue-sicke with them. The Owers
 were Siluer,¹
 890 Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beate, to follow faster;
 As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person
 It beggerd all discription, she did lye
 In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
 905 O're-picturing that Venus,² where we see
 The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,
 Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
 With diuers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did feeme,
 To glow³ the delicate cheekees which they did coole,
 910 And what they vndid did.

Her Gentlewomen,⁴ like the Nereides,
 So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
 And made their bende adornings. At the Helme,

¹ Loue-sicke. With them the Owers were Siluer
 (With beginning a new line). ² Venns. ³ gloue.
⁴ Gentlewoman.

drops ter:z æz fæst æz de æræ:bæn tri:z
dæir med(i)sinæb,l gum.

250

ij kist di: er ij kild di:: no: wæi but dis;
kilij mijself, tu dij upon æ kis.

FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT II. SCENE II.

de bærdz si sæt in, lijk æ burniſt Өro:n,
burnt on de wæter: de pur:p wæz be:t,n gould;
purp,l de sæilz, ænd so: perfumed dæt
de wijndz wer luv-sik wið dem; d(e) o:rz wer silver,

hwitſ tu de tiun ov fliuts kept stro:k, ænd mæ:d 200
de wæter hwitſ dæi be:t tu folo: fæster,
æz æm(o)rus ov dæir stro:ks. for her oun person,
it begerd a:l deskription: si did lij
in her pævilion—kloθ ov gould ov tisiu—
o:r-pikiuriſ dæt ve:rus hwe:r wi si: 205

de fænsi uwtwurk nætiur: on e:tſ sijd her
stu(:)d priti dimp,ld boiz, lijk smijlij kiupidz,
wið dijvers-kulord fænz, hwu:z wijnd did si:m
tu glou de del(i)kæ(:)t tſi:ks hwitſ dæi did ku:l,
ænd hwaet dæi undid did. 210

her dzent,lwi(:)men, lijk de nereidz,
so mæni mermæidz, tended her id ijz,
ænd mæ:d dæir bendz ædornijz: æt de helm

A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,
 215 Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
 A strange inuisible perfume hits the sensse
 Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty cast
 Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
 220 Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did sit alone,
 Whisling to th'ayre:¹ which but for vacancie,
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
 And made a gap in Nature.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

GIVE me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
 Immortall longings in me. Now no more
 225 The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyst this lip.
 Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare
Anthony call: I see him rowse himselfe
 To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock
 The lucke of *Cæsar*, which the Gods giue men
 230 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
 Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
 I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
 I giue to baser life. So, haue you done?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.
 Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.

¹ to th'ayre.

æ si:minj mermæid sti:rz: de silk,n tæk,l
 swel wið de tutsez ov do:z fluwr-soft hændz,
 dæt jæ:rlí fræ:m de ofis. from de bærdz 215
 æ strændz inviz(i)b,l perfium hits de sens
 ov de ædžæ:sent hwærfs. de siti kæst
 her pi:p,l uwt upon her; ænd æntoni,
 inþro:nd id mærket plæ:s, did sit ælo:n,
 hwiſ(t)liŋ tu ðær; hwitſ but for væ:kænsi,
 hæd gon tu gæ:z on kle:opæ:ter tu:
 ænd mæ:d æ gæp in næ:tiur. 290

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

giv mi mij ro:b, put on mij kruwn; ij hæ:v
 imortæl loŋgijnz in mi:: nuw no mo:r
 de dzius ov e:dzipts qræ:p fæl moist dis lip: 285
 jæ:r, jæ:r, gud ijræs; kwik. miθiŋks ij he:r
 æntoni ka:l; ij si: him ruwz himself
 tu præiz mij no:b,l ækt; ij he:r him mok
 de luk ov se:zær, hwitſ de godz giv men
 t(u) ekskiuz dæir æfter wræθ: huzbænd, ij kum: 290
 nuw tu dæt ne:m mij kurædz pru:v mij tjt,l!
 ij (æ)m fijr ænd æir; mij uðer elements
 ij giv tu bæ:ser lijf. so:; hæv iu dun?
 kum ðen, ænd tæ:k de læst wærmø ov mij lips.
 fæ:rwel, kijnd tʃærmæn; ijræs, loŋ fæ:rwel.

FROM CYMBELINE.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Song.

HEARKE, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise,
His Steeds to water at those Springs
25 On chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their Golden eyes
With euery thing that pretty is,
My Lady sweet arise:¹
Arise, arise.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

COME Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witnesse my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
70 The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart:) Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
75 But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Why, I must dye:

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Seruant of thy Mafters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition fo Diuine,
80 That crauenſ my weake hand: Come, heere's my
heart:

¹ Ll. 26 to 29 printed as two lines.

FROM CYMBELINE.

ACT II. SCENE III.

[sonj.]

hærk, hærk! de lærk æt he(:)vnz gæ:t sinjz,
 ænd fe:bus ginz ærijjz,
 hiz stirdz tu wæter æt do:z sprinjz
 on tʃælist fluwrz dæt lijz; 25
 ænd wiŋkij mæ:ri-budz bigin
 tu o:p dæir gould,n ijz:
 wið ev(e)ri θij dæt priti iz,
 mij læ:di swi:t, ærijjz:
 ærijjz, ærijjz. 30

* * *

ACT III. SCENE IV.

kum, felo:, bi: duw onest:
 du: duw dij mæsterz bidij: hwen duw si:st him,
 æ lit,l witnes mij obe:dīens: lu:k!
 ij dra: de sword mijself: tæk it, ænd hit
 de in(o)sent mænsion ov mij luv, mij hært: 70
 fe:r not; tiz empti ov a:l θijz but gri:f:
 dij mæster iz not de:r, hwu: wæz indi:d
 de ritsez ov it: du: hiz bidij; strijk
 duw mæist bi væljaent in æ beter ka:z;
 but nuw duw si:mst æ kuwærd. 75

hwij, ij must dij;
 ænd if ij du: not bij dij hænd, duw ært
 no: servaent ov dij mæsterz. ægæinst self-sla:ter
 der iz æ prohibisjøn so: divijn
 dæt kræ:v,nz mij we:k hænd. kum, he:rz mij hært. so

Something's a-for't:¹ Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
 Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
 The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
 All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,
 85 Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
 Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
 Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
 Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Song.

Guid. Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,
 Nor the furious Winters rages,
 260 Thou thy worldly task hast don,
 Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
 Golden Lads, and Girles all must,
 As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

Arui. Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,
 265 Thou art past the Tirants stroake,
 Care no more to cloath and eate,
 To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
 The Scepter, Learning, Phylicke must,
 All follow this and come to dust.

270 *Guid.* Feare no more the Lightning flash.
Arui. Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.
Gui. Feare not Slander, Censure rash.
Arui. Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone.

¹ a-foot.

sumθijz æ-fort. soft, soft! wi:l no: defens;
obe:dient æz ðe skæbærð. hwæt iz he:r?
ðe skriptiurz ov ðe loiæl le:onæ:tus,
a:l turnd tu heresi? æwæi, æwæi,
korupterz ov mij fæiθ! iu fæl no mor
bi stum(æ)kerz tu mij hært. ðus mæi pur fu:lz
bili:v fa:ls te:tferz: dou do:z dæt ær biträid
du fi:l ðe tre:z,n særpli, jit ðe træitor
stændz in wurs kæ:s ov wo:.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE II.

[son.]

gijde:r̄us.] fe:r no mo:r de he:t od sun,
 nor de fiur̄us winterz ræ:d̄ez;
 duw dij worldli tæsk hæst dun, 260
 ho:m ært go:n, ænd tæ:n dij wæ:d̄ez:
 gould,n lædz ænd girlz a:l must,
 æz t̄simni-swi:perz, kum tu dust.

ærvirægus.] fe:r no mo:r de fruwn od gre:t;
duw ært pæst de tijränts stro:k; 265
kær no mo:r tu klo:d ænd e:t;
tu ði: de ri:d iz æz de o:k:
de septer, lernij, fizik, must
a:l folo: dis, ænd kum tu dust.

gijde:r̄us.] fe:r no mo:r de lijtnij-flæs,
ærviræqus.] nor da:l-dre(:)ded ðunder-sto:n;
gijde:r̄us.] fe:r not slænder, sensiur ræf;
ærviræqus.] duw hæst finist dzoj ænd mo:n;

- Both.* All Louers young, all Louers must,
275 Consigne to thee and come to dust.
- Guid.* No Exorcifor harme thee,
Arui. Nor no witch-craft charme thee.
- Guid.* Ghoſt vnlaid forbeare thee.
Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee.
- 280 *Both.* Quiet confumation haue,
And renowned be thy graue.
-

- bo:θ.] a;l luverz juŋ, a;l luverz must
konsijn tu di:, ænd kum tu dust. 278
- gijde:r̄us.] no: eksorsijzer hærm di:!
ærvirægus.] nor no witſkræft tſærm di:!
gijde:r̄us.] go:st unlæid forbear di:!
ærvirægus.] noθiŋ il kum ne:r di:!
bo:θ.] kwijet konſiumæ:ſion hæ:v;
ænd renuwned bi: dij græ:v! 280
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Shakespeare's pronunciation (II)

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